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CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXI.

ART.	Page
I.—Art and Nature under an Italian Sky. By M. J., M.D.	1
II.—History of the War in Afghanistan. By J. W. Kaye	11
III.—1. A Primer of the History of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the Formation of the Modern Irish Branch of the Church of Rome. By the Rev. R. King.	
2. The Experiment of Three Hundred Years. A Statement of the Efforts made by the English Government to make known the Gospel to the Irish Nation. By the Rev. H. B. Macartney.	
3. A Report on the Books and Documents of the Papacy, deposited in the University Library, Cambridge, the Bodleian, and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1840	37
IV.—Mémoires d'un Ministre du Trésor Public. (Not published)	73
V.—1. Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn.	
2. Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey	105

ART.	Page
VI.—1. The History of England during the 'Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-46. By Harriet Martineau.	
2. History of the Whig Ministry of 1830 to the Passing of the Reform Bill. By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. -	160
VII.—Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon, illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery. By Lady Theresa Lewis - - - - -	196
VIII.—Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time. By Henry Richard Lord Holland - - - - -	217
Postscript - - - - -	269

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

ART. I.—*Art and Nature under an Italian Sky.* By M. J. M.D.
Edinburgh. 8vo. 1852.

IT is fortunate that, at a time when cheap postage has enabled too many people to write badly with the greatest ease, the effusions of returned tourists should be less in vogue than formerly. All the information that aspires not above the useful, with much more beside, is now admirably arranged and condensed in the *Handbooks*; and whoever would snatch a grace beyond them must bring no common abilities as well as opportunities to the task. In short, nothing but a new country can now carry down a poor book. This is as it should be. Yet it is no less true that, however old the theme, a new mind will freshen it—however over-described the region, one good description more is always welcome. This, we do not hesitate to say, the work before us offers. A grand-daughter of Beckford's, while travelling in his steps, had a claim of no common kind to be heard, and she has fully justified her claim. We will not say that she is deficient either in the knowledge or poetic feeling of her grandsire, though she makes a display of neither; but her merits rather consist in turning to unusual account that weakness in which lies a lady-tourist's strength, namely, the absence of that medium of acquired lore which, in the best hands, will as often intercept as enhance the prospect. Descriptions of Italy by time-honoured names—scholar, poet, and painter—rank among the highest works in the English language, and he or she must be bold who would compete with them on their own ground; yet we may unreservedly own that some of them present as little of real Italy as Dr. Johnson does of real Scotland. In this elegant volume the slight element of personal association, if not worth much, is soon swept away, and nothing remains between our mind's or memory's eye and a most unusually distinct view of Italy itself.

There are as many creeds in scenery as in religion, and as exclusive too. The thorough, out-and-out Highland-worshipper, for instance, is seldom converted to any other form of natural beauty;

VOL. XCI. NO. CLXXXI.

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but, though our authoress's life seems to have been chiefly cast among Scottish scenes, she is truly catholic in her love of nature, and depicts every gradation, from the rugged to the soft, with a kind of joyful precision we have seldom found surpassed. A lively sketchy chapter of Introduction prepares the reader for that stamp of traveller least likely to feel fatigue herself or to impart it to others. She hoists the banner of real enthusiasm at once—begins with a thrill of delight at 'the Rhine! the Rhine!' and takes us on in rapid stages of ecstasy at the first sight of the Alps, along the Lake of Geneva, and over the Simplon Pass, till she culminates in an appropriate transport at the sudden transition to the southern beauties of the Val d'Ossola.

The entrance into Genoa is the occasion of another burst, and also the scene of an adventure.

'The approach to Genoa greatly delighted me. Villas and gardens full of orange-trees and flowering shrubs on either side of the road, with trellised vines supported upon ranges of stone pillars. These are often placed tier above tier, and their rich ornaments contrast beautifully with the craggy rock from which they seem to spring. Altogether there is something peculiar and appropriate in this approach, preparing one, so to speak, for the magnificent scene which greets the traveller, when, on turning one of the abrupt declivities which jut upon the road, *Genoa la Superba* bursts upon the view! It is built nearly in the form of a crescent, at the foot of mountains of various heights, some of the lower eminences being crowned with forts and ramparts, and their sides gay with palaces and terraced gardens. At each end of the crescent-shaped city are two noble piers, with lighthouses terminating both. One is particularly fine, rising between three and four hundred feet from the solid rock. Splendid houses line the principal streets, which, though narrow, convey no idea of gloom, while the shade they afford from the glare of the noonday sun is most grateful. I was delighted with Genoa, even by the time we reached the *Albergo d'Italia*, a very good hotel, with a most attentive and obliging landlord. Our rooms were quite charming, but at such a height! Nos. 65 and 66! However, the heat was so intense, we were glad to have large airy apartments, even at the expense of climbing up to them. We arranged to go out and see the church of *L'Annunziata* and return to tea before going up to our nest again. Well may people talk of the extraordinary magnificence of this church. It is one mass of gold and blue and gorgeous marble of every colour. Bright pictures set in golden panels look down from the roof, and lapis lazuli is the ground wherever they are not. In the dome, which is lighted by windows all round, are paintings which, at that distance at least, are perfectly beautiful. The windows are set in massive gold frames, and the effect of crimson silk curtains, on which the setting sun was shining, was nothing less than glorious. . . . We looked in vain for a painting I had heard was in this church, and which I wished to see.

Observing

Observing a priest walking in one of the aisles, I ventured to accost him, asking him if he could tell me where was the *Cena*. He replied that he was himself a stranger, but, pointing to a door not far from where we stood, he told me I should there find the sacristan. We followed his directions, and, passing down a long dark passage, unhesitatingly opened a door which seemed to terminate it. Not finding this the case, and meeting no one, we still advanced until we came to a large stone hall; this was empty, and we were just about to turn back when, through a partially opened door, I perceived a monk sitting at a table writing. Concluding him to be the sacristan, I advanced towards him; at the sound of footsteps he raised his eyes, and instantly starting up, uttered a most vehement exclamation of horror. His sudden motion completely startled me, and I stood where I was, in vain attempting to make known our request. His gesticulation became so violent, and his screams—for indeed I cannot call them words—so wholly unintelligible, we could only gaze at his frantic excitement with surprise. At length the oft-repeated “*la Signora*” threw some degree of light upon the subject, and my immediate retreat produced a more soothing effect than all my efforts at explanation. In fact, I had unconsciously entered the sacred precincts of the monastery belonging to the church; and his horror at seeing a woman where probably none had ever appeared before had taken from him all presence of mind. His distress, however, was so real, that I could only most humbly express my regret, informing him that a priest had directed us to seek the sacristan by the door at which we had entered. He seemed pacified when he learned these particulars, and yet more so when he saw us fairly into the church. When all was over, we enjoyed a hearty laugh.’—p. 58.

We should like to know *what* place is sacred from the innocent audacity of an exploring Englishwoman! Let them laugh who can; we are inclined to take part with the poor monk thus recklessly tricked into transgression and out of peace. Nor is this by any means a singular example. We know another most charming Englishwoman driven out of a garden, where of course she had no business, with this emphatic repudiation of her society—*qui non ci vogliono donne—sturbano la nostra tranquillità!* But it is of little use shutting the convent door after the lady has been in. Doubtless, if the truth were known, the repudiation came too late for the *tranquillità*. We resume where we broke off.

‘As we were leaving the church, however, we saw a party of strangers accompanied by a man who proved to be the sacristan. He took us to a small dark corner behind one of the aisles, and pointed out the painting we had sought. I was exceedingly disappointed, having heard that this Last Supper by Procaccini was much celebrated. I am afraid I may sometimes seem almost presumptuous in thus venturing to form my own opinion about many of these famous works of the old masters;’—[We were not aware that this *Cena* was a famous

famous work, or Procaccini an old master whom it was any heresy not to admire ;]—‘ but, in the first place, I can only speak of the impression they make on my own mind, and, moreover, I never can admire anything because I am bid. I once overheard a party discussing various paintings. They evidently wished to do their duty scrupulously ; but one of them ventured to express a doubt as to the degree of admiration to be bestowed on a very dark, fearful-looking picture—one an artist might appreciate, but which none else could possibly regard with pleasure. The very doubt seemed to astonish the rest of the party, and one exclaimed, “ Oh ! how can you ? Murray says so.” Many a time since has the expression recurred to me, “ Murray says so ;” and therefore perforce it must be “ beautiful ! exquisite !” &c. But to return. We retraced our steps to the hotel, and greatly enjoyed a really comfortable meal after the wretched fare of the last few days. The heat, even during the night, was overpowering, and, combined with the torments of *living animals*, effectually put sleep to flight. I rose and looked out between one and two o’clock in the morning upon a strange and beautiful spectacle. The lights sparkling like gems all round the bay—the rich glow of the ruby beacon-light upon the Molo Vecchio, like a star watching over the slumbering city—the phantom-like vessels dimly revealed in the darkness, with here and there a twinkling light on the waters—the marble whiteness of the houses near, and the utter stillness around—nothing to be heard save the breaking of the swell against the rocks.’—p. 59.

We have purposely left those two ominous words in italics standing. A few pages further on we are indulged with an amplification of the same theme. The lady describes a night of horrors rather minutely—succeeded of course by a burst of injured innocence from the landlord next morning :—‘ Madame was the first person who had ever seen anything of the kind in his house.’ The subject is not attractive, but it is curious. These protesters of injured innocence are like the Devil-worshippers. They cannot, it is true, conceal the existence of their idol (would that they could !) ; but they deny it as religiously. Differences of climate, country, and race vanish before the mysterious bond which unites all landlords and landladies in one unfailing falsehood—they are one people, speaking one language all over the world. No matter where the traveller may be assailed—in Naples, Archangel, Madrid, or London—on couch, divan, French bed, or four-poster—the same wonderfully concerted answer meets your ear the next morning ;—host or hostess are ready to pledge their souls that you are the first person ever so disturbed under their roof. You protest that you never closed your eyes—they are perfectly unmoved : you show the burning fires which the enemy have kindled in their passage—fires, alas ! which no ingenuity can quench until they expire of themselves—your friends suggest gnats or ants ;—
finally,

finally, you display a trophy of fallen foes—but the defence is ready—you brought them with you! The stronger your evidence, the bolder their denial. Never was there a community whose unity was so complete, or whose idol so abominable! You may possibly hope to reclaim a cannibal, convince a Brahmin, or convert the Pope; but you need never dream of inducing one of these detected householders to own the truth.

The departure from Genoa is another beautiful moving panorama, set to music too.

‘On leaving Genoa we entered upon the loveliest drive, I believe I may say, in the world! the Riviera di Levante. The road begins almost immediately to ascend after passing the environs of the city, and from the first summit of the overhanging mountains there is a magnificent view of Genoa with its harbour and ships, its towers, domes, and spires, with thousands of white houses dotting the sides of the hills which surround it.’ We stopped here and looked back on the proud city below, and out upon the blue Mediterranean, impressing that panorama on our memory as perhaps lovelier than we had ever seen or were likely to see again! and yet, as we proceeded, new scenes of beauty opened upon us, such as do indeed baffle description, though one cannot help at least trying to convey an idea of what has given such intense enjoyment. The sides of the hills, abruptly sloping to the coast, are covered with the brightest vegetation, and shrubs that seem more suited to tropical climes grow in the richest profusion. There are olive and fig trees, with their many sweet and scriptural associations, carrying one’s mind to the times of our blessed Lord—his beautiful parables and lessons of heavenly wisdom; vineyards casting garlands and festoons from tree to tree, and giving added grace to each; orange and lemon groves, with their dark green leaves and golden fruit; pomegranates and palms; cypresses, like tall spires, towering above; and the stone pine, beautiful in itself, but still more so from its associations in one’s mind with the lovely landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Hedges of the sword-like aloe, and everywhere the cactus or Indian fig, grow in the greatest luxuriance on the very ledges of the rocks which rise from the sea-shore. Here and there the rich berries of the *Arbutus* appear like bunches of coral, while sweet roses bloom from every little nook; and all this but as the minute finishing of the grander features of the landscape. One lovely bay succeeds another:—some soft and still, with a pebbly beach on which the waves seem to flow gently, as though whispering sweet music; others again have bold and rugged shores, overhung with dark rocks and precipices, the hidden breakers underneath only revealed by the angry foam of the receding waves, urged by the swell of the sea upon them; while the hardy pine hangs over the very brink, as though vainly seeking its reflection in the troubled waters below. Stretching far away in its calm bright loveliness till lost in a flood of dazzling light, is the blue, the ever beautiful Mediterranean. The houses and villages with gay painted gables, scattered here and there, stand sometimes so high on
the

the mountains, that it seems a marvel how human power could have placed them there. The terraced gardens, with statues peeping out from the flowers and other gay decorations, strike one at once as so in harmony where all is bright, and where sky and earth and sea seem enjoying a continual holiday. Onward we went through this paradise, till, after climbing a very steep part of the mountain, we stopped at a little inn most beautifully situated on the side of a wooded bank, with a grove of acacias before it. Here the view already enjoyed as we ascended, opened out still more magnificently ; such a panorama of varied picturesqueness I never looked on. The air, too, not only breathed fragrance, but seemed pouring forth its joyous notes. It was just twelve o'clock when we reached the village inn, and all the bells of the churches were chiming.'—p. 66.

Rome and Naples, with all the beauties and wonders in and around each, pretty much divide this volume. There is plenty of temptation to quote, but we must content ourselves with this description of an angry Vesuvius by night, witnessed, it may be, by many, but seldom described so accurately. Prognostications of a coming eruption had been afloat for some weeks—the mountain had been uneasy, rumbling noises had been heard, the wells at Resina were dried—and at length, on the 31st of January (1846), a stream of lava was reported to have burst forth on the side next Naples. This was the time for English spirit and daring to inspect the menacing volcano, and accordingly a party was arranged to ascend and remain above till the darkness of night. The day was misty, but as they approached the Hermitage the smoke from the descending lava became visible.

'Leaving our animals upon the level platform above the Hermitage, to which has been given the name of the Sala di Cavalli, we started amid the good-humoured cheers of the guides on our toilsome way. About a fifth of our ascent from this point had been accomplished, when, on pausing and looking upwards, we could very plainly both hear and see the slow downward progress of a body of lava, hissing and rattling among the loose cinders as it overwhelmed or dislodged them, and occasionally sending huge pieces bounding down the steep declivity in a way that endangered not a little those below. Soon after, we came opposite the lower end of this smoking stream, and approached cautiously to obtain a nearer view of it. Even here it was of a glowing red heat upon the surface, though often so covered over with floating cinders and enveloped in smoke that the actual deep red of the fire was obscured. On looking to the summit we could see against the sky—as one does on looking from below up to the *shoot* of a cataract above—the stupendous torrent slowly lipping over the edge of the large crater, like a huge, hissing, fiery snake deliberately crawling forth from its lair down upon its victims beneath. The motion is peculiarly steady and slow, even where the angle of its descent is most abrupt, and accompanied, from the movement of the loose

loose cinders which impede or attend its progress, with a kind of trinkling sound, somewhat resembling that caused by fragments of ice hurstling each other in a half-frozen river. On reaching the summit we found a considerable change in the appearance of the large crater since our former visit. Instead of the comparatively level platform of hard lava, lying 10 or 12 feet lower than the edge on which we stood, and extending to the cone of the active crater in the centre, we found the whole surface greatly elevated, broken up and heaved into irregular piles, evidently from the recent throes of the volcano beneath. Across this space, slowly winding among its chasms and irregularities, on came the moving lava towards the outer verge, where, after making a circuit almost beneath our feet, it swept round the mound on which we were stationed, and poured over the edge, sending up a heat and a sulphuric atmosphere almost intolerable within a few yards. After a little breathing space here, we went round the verge to a spot at some distance from the running lava, where the surface was not too hot to tread on, and there bivouacked comfortably, producing our basket-stores wherewith to beguile the remaining hours till sunset. After this event takes place, an Italian twilight does not long try the patience of those who long for darkness, as on this occasion we did. And now it was we found the fog amid which we had ascended an advantage to the scene. As evening drew on, the darkness was rendered by it doubly obscure, and the reflection of the lava upon the misty atmosphere, dispersing a fiery tinge above and all around, was beautiful and grand beyond description. Hitherto, during the time we waited, the volcano itself had been peculiarly quiet and inactive—only one slight explosion occurring,—so much that we feared a disappointment, and a party who had arrived before us actually took themselves off in despair. A hint from our good friend Salvatore made us act more wisely, and we were abundantly rewarded.

‘At six o’clock we were startled from our resting-place by a tremendous outburst, which seemed the beginning of a continued series for the whole evening. We sprang to our feet, and, stumbling with great difficulty over the jagged masses of lava, scarcely half-cooled, and through an atmosphere at times pungent and stifling to an intolerable degree, we traced the fiery stream to its fearful source. Taking up our position immediately below the crater, we stood in breathless admiration, watching its convulsive throes succeeding each other at intervals of one or two minutes. At times it seemed to pause a little as though for breathing space, then to increase in fury, sending up its roaring volleys of blood-red stones and dazzling meteors five or six hundred feet into the deep black night of the sky, rendered yet more black and dark by the smoke of the volcano, which at this hour usually collects in murky clouds about the mountain-top. These brilliant messengers, after describing a graceful parabolic curve, fall round the sides of the cone in a shower of splendour—mingling much of the beautiful with the terrible. The scene and our position were extraordinary indeed, and the feelings of awe, fascination, and subdued excitement, such as are likely to be but seldom called forth in the same degree

degree during a lifetime. Again and again the idea arose, "Can we ever forget the sensations of this moment?" And yet there was little mingling of fear or nervous apprehension, though surrounded by objects that might well have caused such. We were conscious rather of an elevation of spirit corresponding in some degree with the sublimity of the scene, and the vastness of the power whose operation we witnessed—a more than ordinary realisation of the presence of Him to whom earth and air, fire and water, yea, all the powers of heaven and earth, are but ministers of His will! Yet it were presumptuous to say that there is no danger to spectators in such a position—danger there must always be from the perfect uncertainty at what moment or in what place the volcano is next to find a vent. We were made to feel this especially as we stood on a little mound of lava near the mouth of the crater. On one side of this mound, and not above eight or ten feet from us, the eye looked directly into a cavern of fire—not of flame, but of clear, quivering, glowing fire, like the heart of a fierce furnace seven times heated. This aperture might be about six feet in diameter;—its depth—that of the mysterious world of terrors below! It was not a little appalling to discover, by looking at the ragged edges of this opening, how thin and slight is the crust interposed between the foot and the abyss over which it treads. Indeed, this had already been evident from the innumerable rents and chasms that seamed the surface over which we had passed, and through which the red fire was often visible at the depth of not more than two inches; and yet so firm and metal-like feels the resistance to one's step that without this awful proof the fact could scarcely be believed. From somewhere between this mound and the foot of the volcanic cone, although invisible for a few yards from what must have been its actual source, oozed forth, slowly and quietly, with a motion and consistency not inaptly likened to that of thick honey, the deep red glowing river of lava, winding its deliberate but irresistible way over the black rugged surface of the large old crater, which, as already explained, forms the whole table summit of the mountain—creeping over the precipitous ledge—and then down, down—far into the thick darkness of the world below. No description, no painting can give an idea of the intense and glowing red of this molten lava as it issues fresh from the bowels of the earth. Liquid metal flowing from the furnace of an iron-foundry is the only thing that conveys an idea of it, yet falls short of its vivid glare. A thin white vapour rose from the surface, and the light reflected from it, and colouring its ascending wreaths with a deep, rich, ruddy tint as it rose into the darkness, marked its downward course, rendering it visible from a great distance, and lending a strange wild awful character powerfully affecting the imagination. One can approach as near the running lava as the overpowering heat will permit, without the slightest apparent danger. We approached quite to the edge of it, and, holding the ends of staves, with which we were provided, to the lava, they flamed even before touching the liquid fire. One of our party availed himself of it to light a cigar—another did his best to roast an apple, but found the heat too great to complete the operation. Of course, in our cautious movements over the crackling

surface,

surface, we were implicitly led and assisted by our guides, who bore flaming pine torches to light our footsteps—little needed, indeed, while the artillery of the mountain was flashing in the sky, but very necessary in the deep darkness of the intervals. Strangely picturesque were the figures of these men, seen in the flickering torchlight, standing in various attitudes upon the little eminences around, leaning on their long white staves, or grouped together round some fiery chasm, the ruddy glare of the fire thrown upwards on their swarthy visages and strange dresses. At times, too, one of them would start the first notes of a simple air, and then those around would catch it up, and conclude each verse with a burst of one of those wild and most musical choruses which characterise the old native airs of Italy.’—p. 154.

Nothing can take from the impressiveness of this description, the reality of which gives only a wider field for the imagination: we may, therefore, venture to wind it up with a *finale* in a very different key—namely, the descent from the mountain on an earlier and that a daylight visit:—

‘Every one knows there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this every one must have experienced who has made the usual descent from Vesuvius. The guides conducted us to a place where there was no lava or cinders, but only loose sand, in which the feet sank deep, and which yielded under the step. It is as nearly perpendicular as the place of ascent. The manner in which we set off, by the direction of the guides, who *must* have all done according to use and wont, was more like the act of casting one’s self headlong from a stupendous precipice than anything else; yet, in truth, it is an act of wisdom, and of some degree of pleasure too. One has but to throw the feet forward, and the downward impetus of the body does the remainder of the work. The soft yielding sand completely breaks the shock. The fresh exhilarating air seems half to bear you on its wings. The sensation is one something between skating and flying, and, while strength and breath endure, decidedly a pleasant one. This is the poetical part of the proceeding to those actually engaged in this Rasselas-like adventure. But to a looker-on—the foolish, frantic, headlong pace—the involuntary, but most lunatic-like gesticulation of arms and legs—the breezy fluttering of ladies’ dresses, dishevelled hair, and bonnets with cracking strings straining to be left behind—the giant strides, streaming coat-tails, and clenched teeth of the sterner sex—all laughing, shouting, leaping, and anon precipitated helplessly on each other’s shoulders, forms a picture of the most unmingled absurdity.’—p. 112.

As a describer of ‘Nature under an Italian sky,’ our authoress is sufficiently vindicated. The refreshing difference between Nature and Art, in the mental power of judging of each, is that with the first no one can admire amiss. All that glitters with her is gold. She has nothing meretricious to mislead the eye. We may not admire
enough—

enough—we never can admire enough; but though our homage reach but to our great mother's commonest gifts, they are sure to be more than worth the tribute. Knowledge, therefore, though it may immeasurably increase our pleasure by widening our view, yet can never be called strictly necessary in a study where there is no wrong road. But where the judgment is to be applied to Art, education becomes indispensable because discernment is so, for, wherever man has part the false is sure to mingle with the true. Here there are traps for the ignorant, delusions for the ardent, and false coin for the rash. We are caught at first with that which we learn afterwards to despise; and though a fine natural taste may frequently discriminate those objects deserving homage, yet, as a rule, whatever the ignorant admire in art, and all its branches, is generally, if not the wrong, the inferior thing. The lady's 'Art beneath an Italian sky' is therefore not to be compared with her 'Nature,' though by no means without its merits—for the gallery at Hamilton Palace, and doubtless other opportunities, had not left her totally untaught. Nor will her taste be arraigned for having been caught by a style of art which has recently attracted great popularity here. We allude to those two examples of what Eustace calls 'the patient skill of the sculptor'—the *Pudor* and the *Disingannato*, by Corradini, at the chapel of S. Severo at Naples. 'The *Pudor*' will be recognised as the original of those 'veiled figures' so much admired in the Great Exhibition, though those have carried what may be called the *trick* much further than their model. Where the effect is so pleasant to the eye it is difficult to persuade ourselves that it requires no great art, and therefore presumes no high merit, to produce it—but whoever observed these heads very attentively will have discovered that the apparently mysterious process is a very simple one. A head is modelled by the sculptor in a general form, and strips of clay in the shape of folds disposed at intervals over it, leaving cavities between, through which portions of the features are seen, but which the eye, carrying on the idea suggested by the folds, imagines to be covered with the most transparent medium; whereas they are covered with nothing at all, but only duly deficient in sharpness. A highly-finished and well-expressed head thus concealed would be labour lost;—in point of fact, therefore, instead of overcoming the difficulties inseparable from a fine work of art, the sculptor has only avoided them: the veil is much easier to execute than the human countenance divine. The 'patient skill' is more properly attributable to the other figure—a man enveloped in the meshes of a net; yet this again is only intended to conceal the absence of a
higher

higher artistic power, for the sculptor was not capable of modelling a figure correctly, and therefore cast this covering of mere labour over his ill-understood forms. The covering, it is true, is a marvel of labour and manual dexterity, but, if this be art, the workman in Bacon's studio who carved a bird in a cage has as high a claim to the title of artist, and the Chinaman who sends us a nest of balls, one within the other, and each with a surface of the most exquisite fret-work, a better claim still.

In treating of pictures tourists would do well to acquaint themselves a little with the usual phraseology. 'The Madonna Seggiola' has no meaning whatever, and 'The Ascension of Mary,' instead of 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' is a needless novelty, and might be called a profane one, since the word Ascension is only applied to our Lord. A little attention to correcting the press also is not beneath such an able writer's notice. 'The *lingua Toscano in bocca Romano*' might induce an ill-natured reader to think she did not know better.

We would remind a tourist also, that nothing requires greater discretion than the introduction of private persons and affairs into a narrative intended for the public. Individuals may be very interesting and dear, but unless they are famous for something more than rank they should never be directly paraded, but treated rather as abstract beings, with no more of personality attached than just to whet the curiosity of the reader.

But these errors in judgment will be soon forgotten by this lady's readers:—not so the vivid impressions of reality which she well understands to conjure up.



ART. II.—*History of the War in Afghanistan*. By J. W. Kaye.
2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

UPON several recent occasions we have expressed a very decided opinion as to the publication by private individuals of official despatches; and now, we must at once say, we should have been disposed to comment upon the use made of similar documents by Mr. Kaye, but that we have understood that the Court of Directors, soon after the appearance of his *History*, ordered forty copies of it. Supposing such to be the fact, we do not consider it necessary to dwell severely on the licence assumed by a writer whom his former employers have, on whatever special grounds, forgiven. It may, however, be very safely stated

stated *in limine* that the work is one in which, after all our vast series of *blue books*, the reader will find many important particulars disclosed which had hitherto been wholly, and peradventure studiously, concealed.

The country which was the scene of the events described is one of great and particular interest.

In geographical position Afghanistan bears a resemblance to Switzerland, and there is even in the political condition of these mountainous regions as close a similarity as any parity in outward circumstances can possibly bring about between two nations, the one of European and the other of Asiatic race. The grouping of the Afghan tribes, and their distribution under chiefs, ruling independently of each other, and yet held together by the ties of a common origin, a common faith, and in some respects a common interest, gives to their internal economy a sort of rude likeness to that of the Helvetic Confederacy; while, with regard to external politics, the Afghans, like the Swiss, have preserved themselves by their own energies from permanently sinking under either of the great powers between whom they have for so many ages stood.

Looking back to the early history of the two countries, we may perhaps find that, notwithstanding the advantage enjoyed by Helvetia in having Cæsar for its first chronicler, Afghanistan has more in it to excite and reward the diligence of the antiquary. We confess that we should but recently have feared to incur ridicule by even alluding to the opinion of those who find in the Afghans the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel; but we must say that we think no man need feel sensitive on that head since the appearance of the late statement of the arguments *pro et contra* by the Right Hon. Sir George Rose. We cannot go into his details at present; but, to glance merely at a few leading points, the fact of their own universal tradition, their calling themselves collectively 'bin Israel,' children of Israel (though they repudiate with indignation the name of 'Yahoudee' or Jew), the to us new fact that one particularly warlike tribe style themselves Yousufzie—or the tribe of Joseph—and several others, taken together with the strongly Jewish cast of the modern Afghan physiognomy, seem to rebuke the levity hitherto prevalent in essays alluding to this conjecture about their origin.*

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* We are very sensible that an apology may seem due to Sir G. Rose for such a merely passing reference to his work (*The Affghans, The Ten Tribes, and Kings of the East*, &c. London. 8vo. pp. 162. 1852); but his own pages contain many allusions to points of the highest importance, which he admits not to have been as yet properly

As the seat also of that Bactrian kingdom created by Alexander, and subsisting through several centuries—to disappear at last like a vessel sinking in the ocean—Afghanistan presents a field for the researches of those who may desire to trace the connexion between Ancient Greece and India, and to discover what influence either of these countries may have exercised over the other in regard to mythology, literature, or manners. To the period of Grecian ascendancy, ‘dim with the mist of years’ and barely discernible as it now is—even with the light thrown upon its numismatic records by the genius of the late Mr. James Princep and the toils of other antiquaries—there succeeds a long term of total darkness, whence Afghanistan emerges in the tenth century in the form of a Mahomedan State, with Ghuznee for its capital, and Mahmood, the son of Subactagee the Tartar, for its sovereign. With him commenced those inroads upon India which ended in the substitution of a Mahomedan for a Hindoo Empire in that country; whence its rude and arrogant conquerors little dreamt that, in the reflux of political power, an army was one day to issue, before whose skill and courage this their mountain citadel itself should fall, as if by the stroke of a magician’s wand.—But if, in its relation to the past, Afghanistan be so replete with interest, there is still more in the chances of its future destinies to occupy the thoughts of Englishmen.

In these days of many-volumed publications we are loth to blame Mr. Kaye for the conciseness of his introductory chapters; yet with his store of materials we wish that he had said more than he has done about the Afghans, as seen in their social and domestic sphere. In the following passages, however, the main lights and shades of their national character seem to be exhibited with discrimination and fairness.

‘Few and far between as were the towns—the kingdom was thinly populated. The people were a race, or a group of races, of hardy, vigorous mountaineers. The physical character of the country had stamped itself on the moral conformation of its inhabitants. Brave, independent, but of a turbulent vindictive character, their very existence seemed to depend upon a constant succession of internal feuds. The wisest among them would probably have shaken their heads in negation of the adage—“Happy the country whose annals are a blank.” They knew no happiness in anything but strife. It was their delight to live in a state of chronic warfare. Among such a

properly worked out—more especially the question as to the degree of Hebraic element in the Afghan language. His Appendix affords so much hope of speedy additional information on that and other matters, that we think it better to wait for an enlarged edition of his singularly interesting treatise.

people

people civil war has a natural tendency to perpetuate itself. Blood is always crying aloud for blood. Revenge was a virtue among them; the heritage of retribution passed from father to son; and murder became a solemn duty. Living under a dry, clear, bracing climate, but one subject to considerable alternations of heat and cold, the people were strong and active; and as navigable rivers were wanting, and the precipitous nature of the country forbade the use of wheeled carriages, they were for the most part good horsemen, and lived much in the saddle. Early trained to the use of arms, compelled constantly to wear and often to use them in the ordinary intercourse of life, every man was more or less a soldier or a bandit. Their very shepherds were men of strife. The pastoral and the predatory character were strongly blended; and the tented cantonments of the sheep-drivers often bristled into camps of war.

‘But there was a brighter side to the picture. Of a cheerful, lively disposition, seemingly but little in accordance with the outward gravity of their long beards and sober garments, they might be seen at evening tide, playing or dancing like children in their village squares; or assembling in the Fakir’s gardens, to smoke and talk, retailing the news gathered in the shops, reciting stories, and singing their simple Afghan ballads, often expressive of that tender passion which, among them alone of all Oriental nations, is worthy of the name of Love. Hospitable and generous, they entertained the stranger without stint, and even his deadliest enemy was safe beneath the Afghan’s roof. There was a simple courtesy in their manner which contrasted favourably with the polished insincerity of the Persians on one side and the arrogant ferocity of the Rohillas on the other. Judged by the strict standard of a Christian people, they were not truthful in word, or honest in deed; but, side by side with other Asiatic nations, their truthfulness and honesty were conspicuous. Kindly and considerate to their immediate dependants, the higher classes were followed with loyal zeal, and served with devoted fidelity, by the lower; and perhaps in no Eastern country was less of tyranny exercised over either the slaves of the household or the inmates of the zenana. Unlettered were they, but not incurious; and although their more polished brethren of Persia looked upon them as the Bactrians of Central Asia, their Spartan simplicity and manliness more than compensated for the absence of the Attic wit and eloquence of their western neighbours.’—vol. i. pp. 11–13.

This is, we really believe, far from being too favourable a picture; nay, we must even demur to some of the deductions made from the praise which Mr. Kaye concedes.—Can the Afghans, we would ask, be fairly described as being altogether unlettered? If so, then polished manners are attainable without any tincture of what has been declared to be most efficient in divesting the human race of rudeness. Every one who conversed with Dost Mahommed during
his

his exile in India must have observed the tone of high breeding, the perfect self-possession evinced in his intercourse with a society differing so entirely from all to which his previous experience had been confined. How did he and other Afghan chiefs whom we could name, if totally unlettered, acquire those outward graces of manner and deportment which certainly among ourselves never exist in total separation from all inward culture?—But whatever their acquirements, we are convinced that their natural susceptibility of improvement is far above the ordinary Eastern level; and we suspect that there is a lurking vein of poetry in their character, such as is rarely to be detected in the workings of the remoter Asiatic mind. We cannot quote the passage, but we remember to have read in one of the latter diaries of Sir A. Burnes a description of a gorgeous sunset witnessed by him in the country to the north of Cabool, while in company with several Afghans. • He particularly mentions the exclamation that burst from the lips of one of the party as he gazed on the scene before him: ‘che sultanut’—what majesty! In these two words there was evinced a perception of the sublime and beautiful, probably not to be paralleled by anything ever uttered by the most highly cultivated native of India. In harmony with this capacity of receiving impressions from the beauty and majesty of outward nature, is their delicacy of feeling remarked upon by Elphinstone, and which the preceding extract notices as characteristic of their ballads and love-songs.

Of a people so likely, if better known, to prove far more interesting objects of study than the generality of the tribes of the East, we wish to be told more than it has pleased our author to communicate. We want some information on the details of their domestic life—the social position of their women especially—what part they take in the regulation of the household and in the early instruction of their children. We also are curious about what establishments for education in youth, and employment for maturer years, may be afforded by their religious and municipal organization. We want to know, in short, what the Afghans do when they are not fighting; since the most pugnacious of races must have intervals of repose from the business of bloodshed and strife. On all these points our author tells us little; so, with a hope of some day seeing a treatise ‘*de Moribus Afghanorum*’ from his pen, we pass on to the more immediate object of his present work, the history, namely, of our own dealings with that extraordinary and most picturesque people.

After-dinner eloquence is not always commonplace or meaningless, and perhaps the most distinctive peculiarity of our Eastern

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Empire

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Empire was never more happily hit off than in the speech delivered by the Prussian Ambassador at the entertainment given by the Court of Directors to his friend Lord Hardinge, on the return of that eminent person—(*spes altera Romæ*)—from his triumphs on the Sutlej. ‘India,’ said the Chevalier Bunsen, ‘has been the conquest of the middle orders;’ and we may add that to this circumstance is owing much of what there is of anomaly in the system, and of practical good in its working. To the middle orders mainly did the merchants, who first formed the Imperial Company, of course belong; and it is to a Court chosen by the shareholders that the primary direction of its affairs was long in fact, and is still in name entrusted. The persons thus elected, and whose peculiar privilege it is to appoint young men to the civil and military branches of the Indian service, belong with rare exceptions to the middle orders, and consequently it is from that class that their nominees are for the most part taken. But as our Empire expanded and its importance became more visible, ministers and parliament began to assert their claims to exercise a political control over the general administration of its affairs. Hence arose the double government both at home and abroad. Here we have a Court of twenty-four Directors, men generally of Indian experience, sitting in the City of London, to govern in subjection to the revising authority of what is called a Board, but in reality is a Minister of State sitting at Westminster. In India we see a body of civil and military servants, men trained from their youth to the duty of Eastern Government, acting in subordination to a few high functionaries who represent the Ministry rather than the Company, and for the most part know nothing of the language and little of the character of the millions under their sway. The good sense and public spirit of the parties employed on both sides have prevented the jarring which might have been apprehended from this systematic subjection of local knowledge and professional experience to ministerial power and aristocratic ascendancy. On the whole the two classes have co-operated heartily—each supplying in some degree the defects of the other. If on the side of the Directors and their nominees there is to be found minuter knowledge derived from personal acquaintance with the details of local administration, it is from the Board of Control and those who usually fill the places of supreme authority in the East that more enlarged views of enlightened statesmanship might reasonably be expected.

The machinery for combining these advantages is simple. The governor-general is associated with a Council consisting of

of a commander-in-chief,—as fresh from Europe as himself,—with two members of the civil and one of the military service,—men who may be presumed to be thoroughly possessed of that knowledge in which the two superior members are most likely to be deficient. In all ordinary matters the voice of the majority of this Council is decisive, but on any extraordinary occasion the governor-general is free to act as he pleases—on his own responsibility. All that the other members can in such cases do is to record their opinion for the information of the authorities in England. A better plan than this for reconciling despatch with deliberation, local knowledge with more comprehensive views of general policy, could not, we think, be devised.—The Governor-General is free to *act* as he pleases; but the circumstance of three or four well-informed and experienced men being required to record their opinions upon the course which he may announce his intention to pursue, imposes precisely the degree of restraint necessary to insure the circumspection of a statesman resolved on acting upon his own undivided responsibility. It was by perhaps the ablest person who has ever governed India that the example was set of nullifying this provision; and this precedent having been followed, the consequences have been such as generally ensue when men of inferior capacity are tempted to imitate any irregularity of a more gifted predecessor. If it were in almost dispensing with his Council that one governor-general achieved the triumphs of the Mysorean and Marhatta campaigns, it was in attempting the same line of independent conduct that another incurred the calamities of the Afghan expedition.—We say ‘attempting:’ because, in fact, though the very superior man may acquire the liberty of acting upon his own unbiassed opinion, such freedom is denied to all of inferior powers, and a ruler of merely average capacity, who ventures to detach himself from his authorized and responsible colleagues, in doing so generally falls into the hands of other advisers of less responsibility and authority.*

Simla has, like Capua, many sins to answer for; among others, that of enticing away from the proper scene of their duties too many of the high functionaries of British India—especially the very highest—those who in their hearts own less allegiance to Leadenhall than to Downing-street and the Horse-Guards. No governor-general will ever, it is to be feared, resist the fascinations

* It is true that an Act of the Indian Legislature—that is, of the Supreme Council collectively—is necessary to legalize the separation of the Governor-General from his Council; but this can hardly be withheld when the Governor-General himself proposes the law and declares the safety of the State to demand its immediate enactment.

of that favoured spot, or consent to sit perspiring at the head of a troublesome council-board in Calcutta, when he can reign cool and unquestioned in the delicious atmosphere of the Himalaya. A good view of Simla would accordingly form a significant frontispiece to a history of the Afghan War; for it was there that the manifesto announcing the intention of interfering in the affairs of the countries beyond the Indus was signed by the hand of supremacy on the 1st October, 1838.

This composition of the irresponsible cabinet, whence that manifesto in our author's opinion issued, is thus stated:—

‘Just as Mahomed Shah was beginning to open his batteries upon Herat, and Captain Burnes was enterering Caubul, Lord Auckland, taking with him three civilians, all men of ability and repute—Mr. William Macnaghten, Mr. Henry Torrens, and Mr. John Colvin—turned his back upon Calcutta.

‘Mr. Macnaghten was at this time Chief Secretary to Government. That he was one of the ablest and most assiduous of the civil servants of the Company all were ready to admit. With a profound knowledge of Oriental languages and Oriental customs, he combined an extensive acquaintance with all the practical details of government, and was scarcely more distinguished as an erudite scholar than as an efficient secretary. In his colleague and assistant Mr. Torrens there were some points of resemblance to himself; for the younger officer was also an accomplished linguist and a ready writer; but he was distinguished by a more mercurial temperament and more varied attainments. Perhaps there was not in all the presidencies of India a man—certainly not a young man—with the lustre of so many accomplishments about him. The facility with which he acquired every kind of information was scarcely more remarkable than the tenacity with which he retained it. With the languages of the East and the West he was equally familiar—he had read books of all kinds and in all tongues; and the airy grace with which he could throw off a French canzonet was something as perfect of its kind as the military genius with which he could sketch out the plan of a campaign, or the official pomp with which he could inflate a state-paper. Mr. Colvin was the private secretary of the governor-general, and his confidential adviser. Of all the men about Lord Auckland, he was believed to exercise the most direct influence over that statesman's mind. Less versatile than Torrens, and less gifted with the lighter accomplishments of literature and art, he possessed a stronger will and a more powerful understanding. He was a man of much decision and resolution of character; not troubled with doubts and misgivings; and sometimes, perhaps, hasty in his judgments. But there was something noble and generous in his ambition: he never forgot either the claims of his country or the reputation of his chief; and if he were vain, his vanity was of the higher, but not the less dangerous class, which seeks rather to mould the measures and establish the fame of others, than to acquire distinction for self. Such were

were the men who accompanied Lord Auckland to the upper provinces.'—i. pp. 303–306.

No fair 'hanging Committee' could present this spirited sketch, and omit its *pendant*—which sets before us a less dashing group—to wit, the responsible Council then sitting in Calcutta, to be kept in official ignorance of all which was being planned by its lively counterpart at Simla, until the season for either suggesting or objecting should be long past and gone.

This Council then consisted of three members (the Commander-in-Chief, the late Sir H. Fane, being absent in Upper India on duty), of whom the senior was one now well known and much respected in our Northern Capital, Mr. Alexander Ross. That gentleman had passed through the various grades of the civil service, having filled with distinction situations in every department. He was a favoured friend of the late Lord William Bentinck, whose character in the grand points of honesty and firmness his own resembled. The next was the late member for Kinross and Clackmannan, Major-General Sir William Morrison, of the Madras army, whose reputation as a soldier and a man of business had led to his being the first person promoted under the provisions of the Charter of 1833, by which military men were eligible to a seat in the Supreme Council. The third and last was Mr. Wilberforce Bird, of whom it may be enough to say that throughout his subsequent career he had maintained the high character acquired at a very early period by the judgment and energy with which, while magistrate of the populous and turbulent city of Benares, he quelled two of the most serious *émeutes* recorded in the history of our Eastern Empire.

Betwixt these Councils which should counsel best might have formed an amusing subject for an *à priori* speculation. With our present information we can only guess what the one would have urged had it been allowed a voice in time—but we can see very clearly from the measures pursued what must have been the advice of the other. Of the comparative merits of two such bodies we can only speak with hesitation; but we suspect that the Simla Cabinet was in some senses the cleverer one; and we mean no disrespect to the Calcutta conclave when we express a doubt whether it could boast of a single member qualified to 'turn a French canzonet,' or even translate one into either Arabic or English verse. But then the Calcutta Council had a certain advantage in its responsibility—its members receiving 10,000*l.* a year each in consideration of their giving advice when necessary, and that too in writing, with their signatures thereunto affixed.—It is, we humbly conceive, no imputation upon the integrity of a public servant to say that advice thus officially

recorded is likely to be better weighed than what is communicated in the course of conversation with a superior, upon whose mood at the moment it must depend whether the party advising shall be silenced or suffered to proceed. The merely permissive counsellor may, through a common infirmity of human nature, be more acceptable to a personage of lofty rank and pretensions than the independent functionary who speaks as a colleague—but it may be doubted whether his advice may not be less safe for the very reason which makes it palatable.

It was before a Government thus constituted and thus dispersed that the mighty question came to be decided, of what was to be done to save Herat from falling before the army which in the summer of 1837 was put in motion against it from Persia.

The British authorities had ever since 1835 been aware of the approaching difficulty, and our envoy in Persia had even urged the Indian Government to lend Dost Mahommed and the other chiefs the aid of a few officers and drill serjeants to give a tincture of discipline to their Afghan levies. In discussing this proposition Lord Metcalfe—then Governor-General for the interim, awaiting the arrival of Lord Auckland—replied to a friend who thought rather well of the envoy's suggestion, 'Depend upon it that the surest way to draw Russia upon ourselves will be for us to meddle with the countries beyond the Indus.' Clearly, however, as this shows that Lord Metcalfe would not have sanctioned the step which was afterwards taken, it does not in our opinion prove that, if the direction of affairs had been providentially suffered to remain in his hands, he would have

Seen, unmoved, old Herat's wall
Before the arms of Moscow fall.

Out of deference to the feelings of our Muscovite friends, we have softened the words of the old Turk in the *Bride of Abydos*—but we must nevertheless maintain that the expedition against Herat was virtually theirs, for they furnished both the cash and the counsel—they despatched a general or two to guide its operations—they even let one or two of their regiments, under the designation of Polish deserters, serve in the ranks of the invading army—and they deputed a diplomatist for the express purpose of thwarting the efforts of our ambassador towards an accommodation between the besiegers and the besieged. If any of our readers object to receive these facts upon our authority, we refer them to the second chapter of Mr. Kaye's second volume for the removal of their doubts. They will also find there an animated description of perhaps the most important siege, in its immediate bearing upon British interests, since that of Gibraltar.

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This complicity of Russia would have rendered the whole affair doubly serious if the place threatened had been one of secondary importance ; but this was very far indeed from being the case.

‘To the mind of the military observer both the position and construction of the place were suggestive of much interesting speculation. Situated at that point of the great range of mountains bounding the whole of our northern frontier, even to Assam, which alone presents facilities to the transport of a train of heavy artillery, Herat has, with no exaggeration, been described as the Gate of India. Within the limits of the Heratee territory all the great roads leading on India converge. At other points, between Herat and Caubul, a body of troops unencumbered with guns, or having only a light field artillery, might make good its passage, if not actively opposed, across the stupendous mountain ranges of the Hindoo-Koosh ; but it is only by the Herat route that a really formidable well-equipped army could make its way upon the Indian frontier from the regions on the north-west. Both the nature and the resources of the country are such as to favour the success of the invader. All the materials necessary for the organization of a great army, and the formation of his depôts, are to be found in the neighbourhood of Herat. Its mines supply lead, iron, and sulphur ; the surface in almost every direction is laden with saltpetre ; the willow and the poplar trees, which furnish the best charcoal, flourish in all parts ; whilst from the population might at any time be drawn hardy and docile soldiers to recruit the ranks of an invading army. Upon the possession of such a country would depend, in no small measure, the success of operations undertaken for the invasion or the defence of Hindostan.’—vol. i. p. 203.

Not to rest, however, on any one writer's assurance, let us draw attention to the following passages from printed papers, open to all, though probably consulted by few.

In a Report drawn up while on his mission at Cabool, and dated 7th February, 1838, Sir A. Burnes observes of Herat that ‘the importance of its situation is very great, and it has always exercised considerable influence over the affairs of Central Asia.’ He then cites from Erskine's *Life of the Emperor Baber* a remark that ‘the most polished court in the west of Europe could not, at the close of the fifteenth century, vie in magnificence with that of Herat.’ In a despatch from the same place, dated the 26th of October, 1837, Sir A. Burnes had occasion to report the arrival and proceedings at Bokhara, a year after his own visit to that city, of a special agent from Russia, of whose sayings and doings information had been received from merchants trading to Toorkistan :—

‘In the course of the agent's stay at Bokhara he frequently conversed with the Koosh Beggee on the commercial views of the Russian Government, and their great anxiety to extend their commerce into
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Central Asia, and particularly towards Herat. Many of his observations were made publicly in presence of the merchants, who always assembled round the Koosh Beggee in his caravansery. He likewise continually dwelt on the position of Herat being such that it was through it alone that the Emperor hoped to realize his wishes, for it was the entrepôt of Persia, India, Cabool, and Toorkistan.'

We have said enough on the importance of Herat—let us now turn to the measures adopted to avert its fall.

These were twofold: an immense army was assembled on the Sutlej, destined to march, with the Commander-in-Chief of all India, Sir H. Fane, at its head, to meet at a distance and repel a force which, if suffered first to fix itself at Herat, and then to roll on towards the Indus, must menace not only the tranquillity but the very permanence of our empire. The other and apparently more insignificant measure was the despatch from Bombay of two steamers and some vessels of war, with a small detachment of native troops, to take possession of the island of Kurrack in the Persian Gulf. Strange to say, it was this last movement which had far the most influence in the saving of Herat:—

'The demonstration was an insignificant one in itself; but by the time that intelligence of the movement had reached the Persian camp, the expedition, gathering new dimensions at every stage, had swollen into bulk and significance. The most exaggerated reports of the doings and intentions of the British soon forced themselves into currency. The Persian camp was all alive with stories of the powerful British fleet that had sailed into the Gulf, had destroyed Bunder-Abassy and all the other ports on the coast, taken Bushire, and landed there a large army, which was advancing upon Shiraz, and had already taken divers towns in the province of Fars. Nothing could have been more opportune than the arrival of these reports. Mr. McNeill [our Envoy in Persia, now Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.] was making his way towards the frontier, when intelligence of the Karrack expedition met him. About the same time he received letters from the Foreign Office, issued in anticipation of the refusal of Mahommed Shah to desist from his operations; and thinking the hour favourable, he resolved to make another effort to secure the withdrawal of the Persian army, and to regain for the British mission the ascendancy it had lost at the Persian court.

'Fortified by these instructions, Mr. McNeill despatched Colonel Stoddart to the Persian camp with a message to the Shah. The language of this message was very decided. The Shah was informed that the occupation of Herat or of any part of Afghanistan by the Persians would be considered in the light of a hostile demonstration against England;—that already had a naval armament arrived in the Persian Gulf, and troops been landed on Karrack; and that, if the Shah desired the British Government to suspend the measures in progress for

for the vindication of its honour, he must at once retire from Herat, and make reparation for the injuries which he had inflicted upon the British mission.'—vol. i. p. 272.

Colonel Stoddart delivered the envoy's message on the 12th of August, and, after some weeks of hesitation and demur, the Sovereign of Persia, on the morning of the 9th of September, 1838, mounted his horse Ameerj, and set his face towards his own royal scat—thus terminating a siege which had lasted for as many months as years had been consumed in that of Troy. But there was nothing done from without which could have saved Herat, if it had not been stoutly defended from within—and if its energies had not been quickened and directed by the presence of one of the most remarkable of the many young Englishmen whose names have become famous in the stirring events of the last twelve years in India. This was Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, who, having been despatched by his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, then the Resident in Sind, to collect information, had traversed Afghanistan under various disguises, and at last found himself in Herat—in native dress but avowedly as an Englishman—at the very time (17th of September, 1837) when Kamran, returning from an unsuccessful expedition against a neighbouring fortress, re-entered his capital in state, to prepare in his turn for the siege with which he was menaced. We are thus introduced to the ruler of Herat, and his minister, at their first meeting with the Bombay Subaltern :—

‘ Little did Shah Kamran and Yar Mahommed, when they received that unassuming traveller, think how much, under Providence, the future destinies of Herat were in the hands of that young Englishman. The spirit of adventure was strong in Eldred Pottinger. It had brought him to the gates of Herat, and now it kept him there, eager to take a part in the coming struggle between the Heratees and their Persian invaders. And when the day of trial came—when the enemy were under the walls of the city—he threw himself into the contest, not merely in the spirit of adventure, as a young soldier rejoicing in the opportunity afforded him of taking part in the stirring scenes of active warfare, but as one profoundly impressed with the conviction that his duty to his country called upon him, in such a crisis, to put forth all his energies in aid of those who were striving to arrest a movement threatening not only the independence of Herat, but the stability of the British Empire in the East.’—i. 214.

From this passage to the end of the chapter the narrative flows on with a vigour and freshness which do great credit to the author. Choosing his own point of view as from within, and having himself served in the Artillery, he brings his professional knowledge to bear upon the scene before him, and writes as if
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he had been an eye-witness of all that he narrates. Though not professing to have been personally intimate with Mr. Pottinger, he dwells upon that young hero's achievements with the interest of a brother officer. It is, indeed, difficult to exaggerate his merits. Measuring them by the pecuniary standard only, by what he saved, or put it in the Government's power to save, we venture to say that his services at Herat would have been cheaply purchased at the cost of one or two millions of money. Nor will this statement be thought extravagant by any who remember that the Afghan campaign cost upwards of fifteen millions; and that this English Lieutenant, by saving Herat, removed the only real necessity that ever had existed for an offensive movement on our part across the Indus.

The grand attack of the besiegers took place on the 24th of June, 1838. How completely successful, but for Pottinger, this onset would have been, will be gathered from Mr. Kaye's striking description of its repulse:—

‘Startled by the first noise of the assault, Yar Mahommed had risen up, left his quarters, and ridden down to the works. Pottinger went forth at the same time and on the same errand. There was a profound conviction on his mind that there was desperate work in hand, of which he might not live to see the end. Giving instructions to his dependents, to be carried out in the event of his falling, he hastened to join the Wuzeer. As they neared the point of attack the garrison were seen retreating by twos and threes; others were quitting the works on the pretext of carrying off the wounded. These signs wrought differently on the minds of the two men who had hitherto seemed to be cast in the same heroic mould. Pottinger was eager to push on to the breach; Yar Mahommed sat himself down—the Wuzeer had lost heart. Astonished and indignant at the pusillanimity of his companion, the English officer called upon the Wuzeer again and again to rouse himself—either to move down to the breach, or to send his son to inspire new heart into the yielding garrison. The energetic appeal was not lost upon the Afghan chief. He rose up, advanced further into the works, and neared the breach where the contest was raging. Encouraged by the diminished opposition, the enemy were pushing on with renewed vigour. Yar Mahommed called upon his men in God's name to fight; but they wavered and stood still. Then his heart failed him again. He turned back, said he would go for aid, sought the place where he had before sat down, and looked around irresolute and unnerved. Pointing to the men, who, alarmed by the backwardness of their chief, were now retreating in every direction, Pottinger, in vehement language, insisted upon the absolute ruin of all their hopes that must result from want of energy in such a conjuncture. Yar Mahommed roused himself; again advanced, but again wavered; and a third time the young English officer was compelled, by words and deeds alike, to shame the unmanned Wuzeer. He reviled, he threatened;

threatened; he seized him by the arm and dragged him forward to the breach. The game was almost up. Had Yar Mahommed not been roused out of the paralysis that had descended upon him, Herat would have been carried by assault. But the indomitable courage of Eldred Pottinger saved the beleaguered city. He compelled the Wuzeer to appear before his men as one not utterly prostrate and helpless. The chief called upon the soldiery to fight; but they continued to fall back in dismay. Then seizing a large staff, Yar Mahommed rushed like a madman upon the hindmost of the party, and drove them forward under a shower of heavy blows. The nature of the works was such as to forbid their falling back in a body. Cooped up in a narrow passage, and seeing no other outlet of escape, many of them leaped wildly over the parapet, and rushed down the exterior slope full upon the Persian stormers. The effect of this sudden movement was magical. The Persians, seized with a panic, abandoned their position and fled. The crisis was over: Herat was saved.'—i. 264.

We will not disturb the effect of this narrative by any comments; but before quitting Herat we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following note, where, along with an allusion to Lieutenant Pottinger's singular modesty of character, another noble-minded officer appears — Captain Arthur Conolly, of the Bengal Cavalry. How it must stir the blood and raise the moral bearing of our young countrymen in the East, when they see, by anecdotes like these, to what an extent for good or evil the character of England is in their keeping:—

'Pottinger, who is in his Journal provokingly chary of information about himself, does not say whether he appeared at these interviews in his true character of a British officer; but I conclude that he did not, on these occasions, attempt to conceal his nationality. Nor does it seem that in his intercourse with the higher class of Heratees he wore any disguise, for we soon find him taking part in a conversation about Arthur Conolly, and addressed as a countryman of that fine-hearted young Englishman. I cannot transcribe, without a glow of pleasure, the following passage in Pottinger's Journal:—"I fell in with a number of Captain Conolly's acquaintances. Every person asked after him, and appeared disappointed when I told them I did not know him. In two places I crossed Mr. Conolly's route, and on his account received the greatest hospitality and attention—indeed, more than was pleasant, for such liberality required corresponding upon my part, and my funds were not well adapted for any extraordinary demand upon them. In Herat Mr. Conolly's fame was great. In a large party, where the subject of the Europeans who had visited Herat was mooted, Conolly's name being mentioned, I was asked if I knew him, and on replying, 'Merely by report,' Moolah Mahomed, a Shah Moolah of eminence, calling to me across the room, said, 'You have a great pleasure awaiting you. When you see him, give him my salutation, and tell him that I say he has done as much to give the English nation fame

fame in Herat, as your ambassador, Mr. Elphinstone, did at Peshawur; and in this he was seconded by the great mass present." — i. 214.

Our fame ought indeed to be well established at Herat, for nowhere else have so many good samples of Englishmen been exhibited to the people of Central Asia. Of Pottinger and Conolly it is needless to say more; but there were several others who there contributed to keep up their country's reputation, not merely for intelligence and courage, but also for private and Christian virtues. Among these were the too-impetuous but ever-conscientious Colonel Stoddart, to save whose life poor Arthur Conolly perilled and lost his own at Bokhara; Captain D'Arcy Todd, of the Bengal Artillery, a most accomplished Oriental scholar, who afterwards fell at the head of his troop on the field of Ferozeshah; Major Abbott, of the same corps, to whose interesting account of his own adventurous journey from Khiva, on the Oxus, along the shores of the Caspian to Orenburg and St. Petersburg, we hope soon to find occasion of calling our readers' attention; and Sir Richmond Shakespear, also of the Bengal Artillery, who in the succeeding year had the gratifying duty of conducting along the route explored by Abbott about 400 Russians, men, women, and children, whose liberation from apparently hopeless bondage was effected by the joint exertions of those two young officers. The favourable impression made on the fierce and fanatic race among whom these youthful representatives of their country's honour were thrown was such as, we feel confident, not all that has since happened in other quarters can have effaced.

We turn from the only scene in the whole course of the Afghan war on which an English eye can rest with unalloyed pride or satisfaction, to follow our author down the stream of his general narrative of the origin, progress, and close of that instructive expedition.

Dazzled by the brilliancy of the Herat episode, we have almost lost sight of the dangers alluded to at the commencement of this article as inseparable from such a task as Mr. Kaye has undertaken. But if the task be perilously delicate as well as difficult, our author brings to its performance some rarely united qualifications. He has been in India long enough to make him a competent judge of Indian evidence, and not so long as to contract any Anglo-Indian officialism of thought or style. He has accordingly escaped the besetting sins of most of our Eastern chroniclers. His characters are all active living agents, giving origin and impulse to the events which pass before the eyes of the reader. The Afghan war, in short, is now presented to

to us with an approach to dramatic unity of form and purpose—the development of the plot subserving to the legitimate end of all dramatic composition—the enforcement, namely, of some one great principle or moral truth. That principle, in this case, is the certainty of retribution following hard upon the footsteps of any deliberate disregard, by even the most powerful State, of the plain dictates of justice and prudence. But, while thus devoutly recognising an overruling Providence, our author is not one of those who, seeing nought but the finger of God in all that happens, go far, with that tendency to approximation which marks extremes, to countenance the antagonist and far more pernicious extravagance of Mignet and others of his nation, who treat of the greatest crimes as if they were only moral phenomena of inevitable occurrence. Historians of either of these schools appear to ply a useless trade—for where is the advantage of recording what has been done or suffered, if the world is literally so directed from on high as to render man a creature of no potency whatsoever, or if events are really huddled one upon another in such a resistless sequence as can leave to him no choice but to ‘roll darkling down the torrent of his fate’?

Such are not Mr. Kaye's views—and therefore, when he jots down with scrupulous but unflinching fidelity every fact brought to his knowledge by an anxious scrutiny of a mass of authentic documents, he evidently does so with the honest motive of enabling those who are to follow to see more clearly what there was either to imitate or avoid in the planning and prosecution of our expedition. His laborious researches seem to have been prompted and guided by a love of truth, powerful enough to divest his mind of all personal partialities, and to leave him free to bestow praise or blame upon deeds and actions, undisturbed by any feeling either for or against the agent. There was a time when to have praised a work upon an Indian topic for freedom from *party spirit* in the ordinary sense of the term, would have been absurd—for then India was of no party. But those days are gone by; and now Indian questions may be forced within the category of political events to influence and to be influenced by the rise and fall of ministries in England. There are many who incline to account this a drawback upon the great advantages resulting from the accelerating agency of steam; and they have on their side the authority of the late Lord Metcalfe, who was of opinion that if India shall ever be lost it will be by the party spirit of the House of Commons being brought to bear upon the administration of its affairs.

But to proceed with our narrative. Every valid pretext for the advance of our army beyond the Indus had been removed by
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the King of Persia's retreat from Herat. Up to that period the resolution to meet an approaching danger by a forward movement might be defended as not exceeding the bounds of prudent daring; but it comes before us under a very different aspect when that ground of justification was removed. Herat is saved; the Russo-Persian army has gone back; and this is known at our headquarters before a single soldier has crossed our frontier. Here was a *locus penitentiæ*, such as rulers who have taken a hazardous and questionable step, are rarely so lucky as to find. Why did not our statesmen profit by the opportunity? For an answer on that point we must refer our readers to the third chapter of the second volume of this history. They will there see how, in the month of June, 1838, we had thought proper to endorse an old agreement between the ex-King of Cabool and the ruler of the Punjaub, whereby the latter engaged, upon certain conditions, to restore the former to his throne. They will see also that, to acquit ourselves literally even of the obligation thus incurred, it would have sufficed to have lent only our indirect support to any attempts the ex-king might make to recover his long-lost Crown.—But our government thought it necessary to do more than was in the bond—more indeed than the ex-king himself perhaps desired. They entered upon the desperate experiment of trying to create an ally by substituting for an able ruler, to whom the people of a great part of Afghanistan were accustomed if not attached, a luckless old exile, who had been living in our dominions for nearly thirty years. This policy of thankless intervention, to elevate or restore sovereigns, is not new to the English either in Europe or Asia. It was even thought of during the war with the Burmese in 1826—but was then successfully opposed on the grounds of the uselessness of a king of our own setting up, whose very obligations to us would, by making him odious to his subjects, destroy his efficiency as an ally. No such considerations, however, were allowed to affect our policy towards Afghanistan; and on the 8th of November, 1838, the same order which proclaimed the raising of the siege of Herat contained a notification that the government of India would ‘still continue to prosecute with vigour the measures which have been announced with a view to the substitution of a friendly for a hostile power in the eastern provinces of Afghanistan, and to the establishment of a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression upon our north-west frontier.’

‘The expedition had no longer any other ostensible object than the substitution of a monarch whom the people of Afghanistan had, in emphatic Scriptural language, “spued out,” for those Baruckzye chiefs who, whatever may have been the defects of their government, had

had contrived to maintain themselves in security and their country in peace with a vigour and a constancy unknown to the luckless Suddozye princes. Had we started with the certainty of establishing a friendly power and a strong government in Afghanistan, the importance of the end would have borne no just relation to the magnitude of the means to be employed for its accomplishment. But at the best it was a mere experiment. There were more reasons why it should fail than why it should succeed. It was commenced in defiance of every consideration of political and military expediency; and there were those who, arguing the matter on higher grounds, pronounced the certainty of its failure, because there was a canker of injustice at the core.'—i. p. 371.

To show that these are no after-thoughts, but were the opinions entertained and expressed by the men of the most extensive Indian experience, we must go back a few pages:—

'The oldest and the most sagacious Indian politicians were of opinion that the expedition, though it might be attended at the outset with delusive success, would close in disaster and disgrace. Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement, and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe.'—*Ibid.* p. 363.

To these weighty names our author might have added more—among others that of the late Mr. St. George Tucker, whose minute as chairman of the Court of Directors against our whole trans-Indus policy is said to have been a masterly production. Indeed, it will be found that from first to last the Court of Directors acted up to the spirit of their own warning, sent to the Governor-General in a despatch dated 20th September, 1839, 'to have no political connexion with any state or party in those regions—to take no part in their quarrels—but to maintain, so far as possible, a friendly connexion with all of them.'—(p. 364.) But we must conclude this topic by citing some remarks of the very highest of all authorities on Indian matters—the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone—as conveyed in a private letter—which Mr. Kaye, we are to presume, has had proper leave for producing in his book:—

'You will guess what I think of affairs in Cabool: you remember when I used to dispute with you against having even an agent in Cabool; and now we have assumed the protection of the state as much as if it were one of the subsidiary allies in India. If you send 27,000 men up the Durra-i-Bolan to Candahar (as we hear is intended), and can feed them, I have no doubt you will take Candahar and Cabool, and set up Soojah; but for maintaining him in a poor, cold, strong, and remote country, among a turbulent people like the Afghans, I own it seems to me to be hopeless. If you succeed I fear you will weaken
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the position against Russia. 'The Afghans were neutral, and would have received your aid against invaders; they will now be disaffected, and glad to join any invader to drive you out. I never knew a close alliance between a civilized and an uncivilized state that did not end in mutual hatred in three years. If the restraint of a close connexion with us were not enough to make us unpopular, the connexion with Runjeet and our guarantee of his conquests must make us detested. These opinions, formed at a distance, may seem absurd on the spot, but I still retain them notwithstanding all I have yet heard.' — vol. i. p. 363.

While these gloomy forebodings, shared by many though expressed by few, were depressing the spirits of the thoughtful, our army moved off, undisturbed by any feeling save one of regret at the diminished importance of the expedition, in consequence of the retrogression of the worthier foe with whom they had hoped to grapple at Herat.

Sir Henry Fane declining to put himself at the head of the reduced force *now* considered sufficient to drive out Dost Mahommed and set up Shah Soojah, the command devolved upon Sir John Keane, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, who, advancing with a division from his own presidency, met the Bengal column in Upper Sinde, and thence led the united army up the Bolan pass to Candahar. Our choice of a line of march did not escape the malicious sarcasms of our Mahomedan subjects, who used sneeringly to ask why the English gentlemen went by so roundabout a route, while the straight road to Cabool, across the territory of their ally Runjeet Sing, lay open before them?

In Candahar Shah Soojah met with a welcome calculated to confirm him, and his friends among ourselves, in the belief of his still retaining some hold on the affections of his countrymen. It was, however, the last gleam of popularity that shone upon the poor puppet king, whom the Afghans even then began to say that the English carried about with them like a corpse in a coffin.

Sir John Keane again advanced, and the fortress of Ghiznee, which, strange to say, he wanted the means to reduce by any ordinary process of siege, fell before the bold plan of blowing open one of its gates, suggested and executed by Major George Thompson, of the Bengal Engineers. Dost Mahommed, who had been hovering near, drew off in dismay at the sudden fall of the citadel of the Afghan race, and allowed our army to march into Cabool without further opposition. Into that city, the goal of all his hopes, Shah Soojah entered on the 7th of August, 1839, escorted by our troops, and uncheered by the slightest semblance of a greeting from the inhabitants:—

No man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.

Thus

Thus far everything had happened precisely as predicted by Mr. Elphinstone in that powerful though simply worded note which our readers have just perused. But now began a course of delusion, such as not only he could not have anticipated, but such as is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of the follies of the wise. It spread like a moral epidemic—affecting often the brightest and the clearest intellects. It was weakest in the lowly and most virulent with the lofty. It affected the envoy on the spot, the Governor-General and his attendant satellites in India, spreading from them across the ocean to Cannon Row and Downing Street, but passing innocuously over the mansion in Leadenhall. There, it is evident, from the following passages, as well as from that cited a few pages back, the delusion was stayed:—the intellects of its inmates were not to be bewildered even by any casual gleam of success which shot across the troubled scene of our Afghan policy.—On the 31st of December, 1840, the Court of Directors had written out to the supreme Government:—

“We pronounce our decided opinion that for many years to come the restored monarchy will have need of a British force, in order to maintain peace in its own territory and prevent aggression from without. We must add that to attempt to accomplish this by a small force, or by the mere influence of British residents, will, in our opinion, be most unwise and frivolous, and that we prefer the entire abandonment of the country and a frank confession of complete failure to any such policy.—To whatever quarter we direct our attention, we behold the restored monarchy menaced by dangers which cannot possibly be encountered by the military means at the disposal of the minister at the court of Shah Soojah, and we again desire you seriously to consider which of the two alternatives (a speedy retreat from Afghanistan, or a considerable increase of the military force in that country) you may feel it your duty to adopt. We are convinced that you have no middle course to pursue with safety or with honour.”

Six months afterwards the Court again wrote (June 2, 1841:—
“The surrender of Dost Mahommed does not alter the views contained in our late letter; and we hope that advantage will be taken of it to settle affairs in Afghanistan according to those views.”—vol. ii. p. 256.

The delusion we have spoken of consisted in a real sincere belief in the friendly feelings towards Shah Soojah, and towards ourselves as his supporters, of the majority of the people of Afghanistan. So late as in the month of September, 1841, the country was stated, in letters from Cabool, to be quiet from Dan to Beersheba; and on the very eve of the outbreak—as we are told by Mr. Kaye (vol. ii. p. 3)—Burnes ‘congratulated Macnaghten on his approaching departure at a period of such profound tranquillity.’

During

During the two years of our precarious footing in Afghanistan, the partisans of the policy pursued were wont to smile compassionately at the weakness of those who saw danger to an army separated by nearly forty marches, by five broad rivers, and an independent state of a fickle character, from every means of support. If the instances which occurred in the war with Nepal in 1816, and in that with Ava afterwards, of the risk attending the permanent detachment of a small force, were urged against the prudence of leaving single battalions at such places as Ghiznee and Charikar—it was replied that the wisdom of our administration was winning on the esteem of the Afghans, and that ordinary rules did not apply to a people over whom we were establishing an empire not of force but of kindliness.—Even in England a taunting parallel was drawn, in an election speech, between the harsh sway of the French in Algiers and our own affectionate tenure of Afghanistan!—But there was a party, and that one by no means the least interested, who, if our information be correct, as we believe it is, took a view of affairs infinitely less cheering than that adopted by the optimists of the East or the Hustings orators of the West. That party was Shah Soojah himself. He is said to have ere long declared, after the fashion of Asia, in a metaphor at once ludicrous and pathetic, that unsupported by the British Government he was and could be nothing but a radish—the least rooted of plants. The poor old King's own finger traced the characters on the wall—but they were not regarded.

At length, on the 2nd of November, 1841, the explosion came—and a clear narrative of what ensued occupies the second volume of this book. The performance hardly admits of being epitomised. Though many of the leading events have been already recounted in separate publications, still much will there be found that has only been brought to light through Mr. Kaye's research; while even the best known details acquire something of the freshness of novelty from the skill displayed in weaving them into one connected history.

The two political authorities, Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes,—the two military commanders, Generals Elphinstone and Shelton,—and the two most prominent among the Afghan chiefs, Shah Soojah and Akbar Khan, are not merely made to sit for their portraits, but are exhibited before us in action with that dramatic power which communicates so stirring an interest to the whole work. If among those vivid portraiture there be any one of which we would fain soften the outline, it is that of the amiable and gallant officer whose greatest fault was his not having had the moral courage to disregard the fancied professional

professional obligation to accept a command for which he was physically disqualified. Our author, we think, goes too far when he pronounces General Elphinstone to have been 'fit only for the invalid establishment on the day of his arrival in India' (vol. ii. p. 44):—for we have understood that while at the head of the most important division in Upper India, that of Meerut, he exhibited no want of talent for command, and was distinguished by his judicious firmness in maintaining the moral discipline of the troops under his charge. The fact of his being so afflicted with the gout as to render active movement in a hilly country an impossibility was so notorious, that the selection of him for the service of Afghanistan is only to be accounted for from the delusion already spoken of as prevailing in the highest quarters. That Afghanistan was as tranquil as any province in our empire was the main tenet of the then dominant creed; and in conformity with this supposition, the first upon the roster, be he who he might, was to be preferred to Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Pollock, or any other of the hale and able generals who were at hand for the duty. Of the fatality which gave to such a chief such a second as General Shelton, we can only speak as we would of the inscrutable provisions of Heaven for the chastisement of erring rulers and nations. Their several qualities are contrasted with impartial severity in the following passage:—

'They were both of them brave men. In any other situation, though the physical infirmities of the one, and the cankered vanity, the dogmatical perverseness of the other, might have in some measure detracted from their efficiency as military commanders, I believe that they would have exhibited sufficient constancy and courage to rescue an army from utter destruction and the British name from indelible reproach. But in the Cabool cantonments they were miserably out of place. They seemed to have been sent there by superhuman intervention to work out the utter ruin and prostration of an unholy policy by ordinary human means. Elphinstone knew nothing of the native army; Shelton was violently prejudiced against it: Elphinstone, in a new and untried position, had no opinion of his own; Shelton, on the other hand, was proud of his experience, and obstinately wedded to his own opinions. It would have been impossible, indeed, to have brought together two men so individually disqualified for their positions, so inefficient in themselves, and so doubly inefficient in combination. Each made the other worse. The only point on which they agreed was unhappily the one on which it would have been well if they had differed. They agreed in urging the envoy to capitulate.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

This last line by itself almost suffices to convey the correctest idea of the fearfully difficult position of that high-minded man, whose memory some even in the senate have sought to load with the blame of all that happened through the incapacity and weak-

ness of his military associates. Sir William Macnaghten's real error may be told in a very few words. While Secretary to the Governor-General, he had contributed to create the delusion regarding the kingship of Shah Soojah and the loyalty of the Afghans, in which, as Envoy, he afterwards so largely shared. This prevented his seeing or hearing aught that made against a policy originating in some measure with himself, and subsequently adopted by the head of the Government in India, and by the Governor-General's ministerial friends. Hence arose his disregard of the monitory symptoms of the very danger with which, when it did come, he immediately showed how fitted he was to grapple. He perhaps clung too long to the cantonments, though, when forced to give up all hope of preserving that position, we have now the clearest proof that he did his utmost to persuade—for unfortunately he could not compel—his military coadjutors to move into the Bala-Hissar.

Mr. Kaye describes with rare energy the last tragic hour of this accomplished gentleman's career. In conclusion he says:—

‘ Thus perished William Hay Macnaghten, struck down by the hand of the favourite son of Dost Mahomed. Thus perished as brave a gentleman as ever in the midst of fiery trials struggled manfully to rescue from disgrace the reputation of a great country. Throughout those seven weeks of unparalleled difficulty and danger he had confronted with steadfast courage every new peril and perplexity that had risen up before him; and, a man of peace himself, had resisted the timid counsels of the warriors, and striven to infuse, by his example, some strength into their fainting hearts. Whatever may be the judgment of posterity on other phases of his character and other incidents of his career, the historian will ever dwell with pride upon the unfailing courage and constancy of the man who, with everything to discourage and depress him, surrounded by all enervating influences, was ever eager to counsel the nobler and manlier course, ever ready to bear the burthen of responsibility and face the assaults of danger. There was but one civilian at Cabool, and he was the truest soldier in the camp.’—vol. ii. p. 155.

The gloomy interval which followed the death of the Envoy—the re-appearance, and ever with additional claims upon our admiration, of Eldred Pottinger—the sad exode from the cantonment—the strange clinging of men in that hour of agony, even at the risk of life, to their household goods—the admirable conduct of our countrywomen—the massacre of the unresisting mass—the undaunted but unavailing resistance of the few—the gradually diminishing number of the fugitives, till at last one single man alone escapes to carry to Julalabad the news of the destruction of fifteen thousand of his fellow-creatures with whom he had started a few days before from Cabool;—all of these incidents

incidents have, it is true, been told already, but never we think with such effect as in this the first connected history of the war.

We feel that we have quoted much—but cannot omit the following passage in the description of the terrible scene at Jugdulluck, happily expressive, as it appears to be, of our author's sympathy with that noble corps whose uniform he has had the honour to wear.

'Here too fell Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery, who with his men, all through the dangers of the investment and the horrors of the retreat, had borne themselves as gallantly as the best of English soldiers in any place and at any time. Ever in the midst of danger, now charging on horse and now on foot, were these few resolute artillery-men. With mingled admiration and awe the enemy marked the desperate courage of the "red men," and shrank from a close conflict with what seemed to be superhuman strength and endurance. There is not much in the events of the outbreak at Cabool, and the retreat to Julalabad, to be looked back upon with national pride; but the monumental column on which are inscribed the names of the brave men of Nicholl's troop who then fell, only displays the language of simple unostentatious truth when it records that, "on occasions of unprecedented trial officers and men upheld in the most noble manner the character of the regiment to which they belonged." And years hence, when it has become a mere tradition that Dum-Dum* was once the head-quarter station of that distinguished corps, the young artilleryman standing in the shadow of the column will read how Nicholl's troop, the oldest in the regiment, was annihilated in the fearful passes of Afghanistan, will dwell on the heroic conduct which preceded their fall, and glow with pride at the recollection that those brave men were a portion of the regiment which now bears his name upon its rolls.'

The Indian Artillery have indeed cause to look back with pride upon a war in the course of which there issued from its ranks such men as Pottinger, D'Arcy Todd, Abbott, and Shakespear—all, as we have shown, distinguished at Herat; George Macgregor, the able political coadjutor of Sir Robert Sale at Julalabad; and lastly, Sir George Pollock, of whose skilful advance from Peshawur to Cabool to retrieve our military character, and liberate our captive countrymen and countrywomen, we would, but that our limits forbid, gladly follow out our author's able narrative. However pleasing too it might be to dwell upon the tale of our reviving fortunes, it is from the record of our disasters that the most useful lessons are to be drawn.

In looking back upon the part of Mr. Kaye's work which we have most closely examined, we are struck with three conclusions as directly deducible from the vivid narrative. These are, firstly,

* The artillery-station about ten miles from Calcutta.

the mischievous consequences to India of its affairs being in any way linked with the oscillations of party-struggles in England; secondly, the mischief which may flow from the secret and irresistible sway exercised by the Board of Control over the deliberations of the Court of Directors; thirdly, the dangers attending the systematic separation of the Governor-General from the other members of the Supreme Council in India.

If it were but an idle vaunt once heard in India, that it was to the authors of the Afghan war the Whigs owed their return to power in 1839, there is no doubt of this expedition having been regarded by many as the war-horse of their party—or that Lord Auckland, in disregarding the admonitions of the Court of Directors, and the warnings of the Commander-in-Chief on the perilous position of our force beyond the Indus, was greatly influenced by the fear lest, by withdrawing from the enterprise, he should damage his political friends in England. In regard to the sway exercised by the Board of Control over the Court of Directors, all we can gather from the history before us is, that it must in the instance of the Afghan war have operated to stifle or to render of no effect much sound and sensible counsel which the Directors were anxious to impart to their servants abroad. As concerns the separation of the Governor-General from his Council, we have shown at the beginning of this article what its effects are likely to be; and all the facts detailed in these volumes tend to make good Mr. Kaye's assertion, that, if Lord Auckland had not quitted Calcutta, 'he would have followed a line of policy more in accordance with his own feelings and opinions, and less destructive to the interests of the empire' (i. 304).

The time draws near when Parliament will again have to decide upon the future government of India; and to those who would in the interim acquire some knowledge of the working of the present system we can recommend no better study than that of the annals of the first great event which has occurred since, by the power of steam, India has been brought nearer to England, and consequently more under the influence of home-bred politicians.

ART. III.—1. *A Primer of the History of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the Formation of the Modern Irish Branch of the Church of Rome.* Third Edition. By the Rev. R. King, A.B. Dublin. 1851.

2. *The Experiment of Three Hundred Years. A Statement of the Efforts made by the English Government to make known the Gospel to the Irish Nation.* By the Rev. H. B. Macartney, Vicar of Kilrock. Dublin. 1847.

3. *A Report on the Books and Documents of the Papacy, deposited in the University Library, Cambridge, the Bodleian, and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1840.* London. 1852.

IF reports which have taken public attention by surprise are to be credited, elements of almost marvellous change are fermenting in Ireland:—Romanism is in process of breaking up—life and thought are stirring and struggling within it; and not alone in some peculiar locality, or in one passionate sally of secession, but in variously circumstanced districts, and in a continuous outpouring, which has deepened and widened until the rivulet has swelled into a stream that promises to become a flood. Multitudes upon multitudes are represented as passing away from a Church, ‘out of which,’ they used to believe, ‘there was no redemption’—and we, Protestants, that there was no deliverance.

Leading organs of the Press, British and Irish, Protestant and Romanist, are agreed as to the fact. Strangers, prejudiced and unprejudiced, who have visited that country for the express purpose of exploring its religious condition, report to the same effect. Speakers at public meetings grow eloquent in praise or in censure of *the New Reformation*. A ‘Catholic Defence Association,’ under the presidency of Archbishop Cullen—special nominee of the Pope—is employed to put this Reformation down. A Society is established by the Lord Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately) to protect converts against Papist persecution. And, after ample consultation with the heads of the Established Church, the Lord Bishop of Tuam (Dr. Plunkett) has announced his resolution to dispense with the University testimonials usually required of candidates for Holy Orders, that he may provide for Irish-speaking congregations, converted from Rome, ministers with whom they can hold converse in the language they best understand. No trivial movements could have led to such results as these.

The debate, in truth, is now limited to the circumstances under which so many have quitted the Church of Rome—the
instrumentalities

instrumentalities that have been at work—the worth of the avowed proselytism. The Association over which Dr. Cullen presides maintains that unscrupulous zealots have abused the confidence and charities of England to the base purpose of seducing starving men into a simoniacal abandonment of their religion. We quote the words of the Rev. James Maher, one of the most prominent speakers at the second meeting of this body :—

‘ Missionaries have of late visited every part of England to raise a fund for the conversion of Ireland. The money was wanted to buy up converts—to bribe men to abandon the faith of their fathers—in order to fill up the empty churches of the Establishment. At first the missionaries took so little trouble to conceal their real object, proselytism by bribes, that *Dr. Whately* deemed it necessary, in an address to his clergy in 1847, to *reprove such practices*. “*There cannot be (he said) a more unsuitable occasion for urging any one to change his religion and adopt ours, than when we are proposing to relieve his physical necessities. We present ourselves to his mind as seeking to take an ungenerous advantage of his misery—as converting our benefactions into a bribe to induce him to violate his conscience.*”—The charge of proselytism by bribes has been established by the *best evidence the case admits of.*—*Weekly Telegraph* [a Popish organ], Jan. 31, 1852.

But the charge against the Protestant missionaries was by no means left to the hazards of popular declamation, and permitted to evaporate as the effervescence of an excited meeting subsided. It was deposited in a form of more permanence than the priest’s harangue, or at least in a statement for which the ‘Catholic Defence Association’ rendered itself more directly responsible. We extract from the published Address of its Committee.

‘ Meetings are held and money is collected in England from Protestants of every class, and often at much sacrifice on the part of the givers, who imagine that they are extending by lawful and honourable means the religion which they have been taught and think to be true. We are sure that many of the contributors to these funds little know how they are expended. The local agents, in many instances Catholics, who have been raised from poverty to abundance by the salaries which they receive as Protestant ministers, &c., have to earn those salaries by reporting lists of converts, attendants at Protestant congregations, and scholars at Protestant schools; and, not content with grossly exaggerating those whom they have, they have been utterly unscrupulous as to the means employed to obtain more. Bribery has been used with much effect among the starving peasantry; and wherever the agents [of the landlords] are upon their side, intimidation has been freely combined with bribery, especially towards parents who refuse to send their children to schools in which they are taught to blaspheme with infant voices the
most

most sacred objects of our faith. These things are so notorious in Ireland—it is so well known that multitudes have died of hunger and pestilence, who might have saved their lives by a pretended conversion—that hypocrisy has been endowed, that unbelief in all religion has been suggested and fostered by this monstrous system of education, in opposition to the solemn convictions of the people; that Irishmen in general assume that the money was given with this intention, and are too indignant to expostulate. The Association fear that in fact too many of the subscribers are willing that parents should falsely simulate apostacy, so that their children may be brought up aliens at least from the Catholic religion, and (as they vainly flatter themselves) believers in Protestantism. Still they are sure that others would sincerely recoil from the vile use made of their money if they knew it, and that all would be heartily ashamed to have it generally known and exposed; and this the Association purposes to secure.’—*Ibid.*

‘This the Association purposes to secure.’ That feigned proselytisms are effected through agencies of bribery and intimidation is, they declare, notorious in Ireland; and it is their purpose and boast that England also shall be made aware of the flagitious and abominable uses to which its bounty is thus turned.

Charges so boldly advanced would lead to an expectation that they could be, in at least some plausible degree, substantiated. The Society which made them had ample facilities for procuring the evidence by which, if well grounded, they could be proved. The Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, and their supporters and agents in and out of Parliament, distributed, as they were, through all parts of Ireland, could not fail to have opportunities of detecting the iniquitous practices which it was a declared object of that Association to expose; and it would be rational to conclude that, where so menacing an announcement was solemnly made by such a body, the testimonies it relied on had been previously collected and arranged. Proofs were soon called for. The meeting which adopted the inculpatory Address was on the 29th January. On the 31st the Rev. A. Dallas, on the part of the Irish Church Missions Society, published a reply to it, and challenged his accusers to the proof. Very shortly after, an invitation to the same effect was issued by the Rev. E. Nangle, Superintendent of the Achill Missions. This was speedily followed up by the Rev. P. Hanlon, an agent of the London Irish Society, who undertook not only to exculpate that Society from any accusation that could be brought against it within the sphere of his ministry, but also to establish against the priesthood of Rome in Ireland the very charges with which they had aspersed Protestants.

Mr. Dallas proposed that the allegations of the Defence Association

Association should be tried before a court of arbitration, to be held in London. We subjoin his words, addressed to Mr. Henry Wilberforce, Secretary to the Defence Association, and that gentleman's reply:—

Mr. Dallas to Mr. Wilberforce.

‘ You bring a charge in general terms. I meet that general charge by a distinct and unqualified denial. Both you and I are Englishmen; the charge affects the character of an English society; the parties statedly sought to be influenced by your charge are the Protestant population of England. We will then change the venue to English ground. I am willing that two eminent English lawyers shall be nominated, one by you and another by me; that these two persons shall themselves select a third, of eminence and public character; that before these three men, as a court without appeal, you shall bring forward any individual instance and all the evidence you may be able to collect. *If in the judgment of this court, so constituted, there can be produced one single instance in which anything is proved which can be characterised as bribery or as intimidation on the part of the Irish Church Missions, I will bind myself to acknowledge that I am wrong, to make such apology as the same judges may appoint, and to pay all the expenses of the process.*’—*Dublin Evening Herald*, February 2, 1852.

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Dallas.

‘ While there is nothing which I should more highly value than the opportunity of exposing these proceedings before the people of England in the most public manner possible, *I am (as you well know) quite unable to meet the expense of bringing witnesses to England, even upon your promise to repay me at the end of a long process, if given against you.* Neither is it necessary, however desirable, that I should do so, because I intend to take less expensive means of making the facts of the case as widely known as possible. I will, however, gladly agree that two persons nominated, as you propose, with the power of naming a third if necessary, should themselves visit Ireland, and there ascertain by their own observation, and by examining witnesses, the whole facts of the case, and report thereupon; the express understanding being that you or your employers shall pay, as you propose, the whole expense of the inquiry, if any case of bribery or intimidation is discovered.’—*Ibid.*

Such is the reason for a refusal, on the part of Archbishop Cullen's Association, to prove before an impartial tribunal the truth of charges—for which every bishop and priest of their Church and every Roman Catholic gentleman of their party was to be held responsible—wantonly circulated through all the organs of public opinion—against individuals who defy them to show that, even in a single instance, their accusation is well founded.

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It is scarcely necessary to observe that the latter part of Mr. Wilberforce's letter contradicts the former. He was, he says, '*unable to meet the expense of bringing witnesses to England*'—yet he was, he owns, able to provide for the much larger expense attendant on the circuit of commissioners through Ireland. The real objection was not to the cost, but the place of trial.

For a moment the thought passed through our minds to lay before the reader some further extracts from Mr. Wilberforce's part in this correspondence. We forbear. Old associations restrain us—a feeling deeper, but akin to that with which one might see a Howard or Russell *cleaning shoes*. One observation, however, we feel bound to make. The moral eccentricities, of which we have had so frequent proof, are peculiarities not of a *race* but of a *school*. A Saxon or Norman of purest blood, surrendering himself to the discipline and culture which have too long been busy with the Irish Celt, will, after no long time, attain equal proficiency in the same ignoble practices, and, as was said of yore, become *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*. We make no further comment on the part assigned to Mr. Wilberforce by his new masters. That we have touched upon it even thus far was perhaps a superfluous labour. The body of which that gentleman is the instrument must necessarily be regarded as responsible for the acts to which it abases him. The response to Mr. Dallas which he subscribed was, however, *formally adopted* by the Defence Association—and that at a meeting over which Archbishop Cullen presided in person.

So much for that marking instance. But was no species of proof ever tendered in support of those accusations? We do not say so; our readers have already seen, indeed, that in one case it was otherwise. Let us do justice to that case—as we believe, the sole exceptional one. When the charge of bribery was hazarded by Mr. Maher, it *was* supported by what that orator called '*the best evidence the case admits of*'—viz. a citation from Archbishop Whately. This citation, however, was a fraud! The Archbishop had permitted the publication of two documents on the same matter, but different in time and object—one containing a monition to persons engaged, or likely to engage, in missionary exertions—the other offering his Grace's testimony to the manner in which such parties *had* conducted themselves. In the former, published in 1847, he strenuously *advised* that, in the administration of the funds intrusted to them to relieve the physical wants of the poor, the agents should never abuse their opportunities to the promotion of a spurious proselytism. Three years later, in 1850, his Grace drew up the second document, bearing *testimony* that, to the best of his belief, *in no one instance had*
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the offices of charity been so degraded. I advise, said he *prospectively* in 1847, that your relief of bodily distress shall not seem a bribe to induce outward conformity. I *testify*, said he, *retrospectively*, in 1850, that I have not been able to detect a single instance in which an Irishman was bribed to renounce the creed of Rome. But it pleased Mr. Maher to ignore the latter document, and ascribe its character to the totally different one of earlier date. It is proper to insert Archbishop Whately's *testimony* of 1850 in its authorized form :—

‘The Archbishop of Dublin has authorized the Committee of the Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience to publish the following statement, being the substance of his reply to a gentleman who wrote to him respecting the conversions, and attributed them to direct or indirect bribery by persons availing themselves of *the famine*.

‘His Grace stated, he would not undertake to prove that no instance of bribery had occurred—but he had made *a most rigid inquiry*, and none had come to his knowledge; that, as a general rule, the very reverse was the fact; *that he was prepared to prove that the greater number of the converts had not only obtained no temporal advantage, but had been exposed to the most merciless persecution.* He could also prove that several priests had given out that such and such bribes were offered as the price of conformity; and had been so far believed, that people had come to the Protestant minister, offering to conform for “a consideration,” though there was no foundation for any such notion except the priest’s assertion; and that he could produce instances of a bonus having been offered to the converts to induce them to return to the ‘Romish communion.—When the author of this charge was intreated to *specify* any case that had come to his knowledge, he adduced one, and only one, such case of supposed bribery, which was one that had occurred *above sixteen years before the famine* began.’

Thus far, it may be said, this New Reformation is acquitted of the crimes laid to its charge by the exposed repugnance of its accusers to submit to the issues of a fair trial, and by the true testimony of the one unexceptionable witness whose words they had garbled. It has had an acquittal in another form also. It could not obtain a trial in London or Dublin; but it was inculpated elsewhere. In the parish of Doon, in the diocese of Cashel, six distinct charges of violence and aggression were brought against the police force, by whom converts had been protected, and in every instance the accused parties were honourably acquitted. In Tuam similar charges were advanced, not only against the constabulary but also against the Protestant clergy, and with no better success. The proceedings on these occasions are too instructive to be overlooked.

When Monsignor Cullen somewhat irreverently classed ‘Bibles
and

and Intimidation' together as twin agencies on which proselytism was dependent, there was a general persuasion that he spoke inadvertently. It is hard to imagine the Church of Rome, in such a state of society as that of Ireland, under such a government as that of late years, complaining of *intimidation* in any other spirit than the exuberance of a rude hilarity.

'Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.'

But if in any part beyond another the charge would be like 'a jest with a sad brow,' it must be when the spot is Tuam.

This name, at least, is familiar to all our readers. The town is the residence of a bishop (formerly an archbishop) of the Church, and also of a prelate located there by the Vatican, who assumes, contrary to law, the old archiepiscopal title. Here this intruder, the celebrated Dr. John M'Hale, has a cathedral and a seminary graced with the name of the first bishop of the see; and here, in attendance on the college and church of St. Jarlath's, and under orders of that most apostolical personage, a strong force of ecclesiastics appears to have been brigaded—

'Whetted for war and eager for the fray.'

We find that, at the date of the last census, the Protestant congregation in Tuam cathedral amounted to two hundred and fifty, and *was diminishing*; while that in its Romish rival was 'about eight thousand at the three services,' and was 'increasing.' It was not marvellous that a stronghold so garrisoned—John M'Hale, styled in the Orientalism of Irish eloquence the *Lion of the Fold* or the *Lion of Judah*, at its head—numbering as its inhabitants more than fourteen thousand vassals of the Pope—should be among the last places of the province into which the Reformation made its way. That missionaries dared to invade such a fortress at any time is the only matter of wonder. They did so, however. The Lord Bishop of the diocese promoted to the honourable peril of ministering in this parish a clergyman who could speak the Irish language, and Mr. Seymour was well aware how the gift would find its most profitable employment. Mark the speedy results of thus bearding the lion in his den. So soon as this grim 'monarch of all he surveyed' was roused by rumours of change—heard of doubts confirmed into estrangement, and beheld the *vestigia retrorsum*—the danger awoke a spirit adequate to the emergency. Tuam was speedily in a state of siege. Detectives—inquisitors, perhaps—made their way into suspected abodes, kept strict watch on the movements of every Protestant supposed to be engaged in the work of reformation, and surprised, as best they might, the secret of every Roman Catholic

Catholic to whom a Scriptural truth had been illicitly imparted. The rabble were easily stimulated to disorder. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex, gave protection against brutal violence, and through this savage commotion were to be seen sailing about in all directions—‘stormy petrels of the hour’—Dr. M’Hale’s priests ;—some unschooled in their vocation, and showing excitement in their countenances ; some with the composed visages of men whom habit had hardened.

It would scarcely be thought credible that complaints of intimidation and outrage could be raised against *the sufferers* from this violence. But such complaints were paraded at first in the press ;—then, in the wantonness of that drunken petulance so well described by Juvenal—as if tyranny would ‘seek sport in the mock solemnities of a judicial investigation’—were audaciously brought before a bench of magistrates—most of whom are said to have come from unusual distances to hear them.

‘Libertas pauperis hæc est :
Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.’

Such was the poor man’s liberty in Pagan Rome ; such the Protestant’s in Dr. M’Hale’s Tuam. The persecuted party, however, met assault in its judicial form no less firmly than in the streets. They brought their own charges before the tribunal of justice, and volunteered facilities for prosecuting the charges against themselves. At length, after various delays and disappointments, a day came when the complaints on both sides were to be investigated. On that day a surprise was prepared for the Protestants. The charges against them were all withdrawn. We will not enter into the details of this strange procedure. It is enough, perhaps, to observe that the Earl of Clarendon was Lord Lieutenant when the informations were sworn—and that the Earl of Eglinton had become his successor when they were to be put to proof.

Since the day when the judicial mockery was thus interrupted persecution has changed its character. The vulgar atrocities of the highway have not yet been discontinued. Protestants, lay and clerical, male and female, are still hooted, insulted, assaulted. The streets of Tuam still afford evidence that barbarism and malignity can avail themselves of language which, one would think, could be learned only in scenes where profligate vices are putrifying ; but we have not heard that the sufferers are any longer summoned before the magistrate. We have learned that Protestants are still sustained by their cause and their Master to prosecute their mission in the face of these cruel
terrors

terrors and assaults:—nor have they been of avail to prevent avowals of conversion. Out of the mass of Romanism, from time to time, a liberated spirit goes forth. Within that mass inquiry is incessantly making progress.

The charges advanced by the priests of Doon had no happier result than those at Tuam. They were preferred against policemen, sent thither to protect converts from violence. An investigation was ordered by the late Government; the accused parties were praised for their conduct, and in every instance the charges against them were dismissed.

This parish of Doon had earned, in days past, a very unenviable notoriety in Irish disorder. Lying on the confines of Limerick and Tipperary, it afforded harbourage to the outlaws and the lawless of both counties, and became conspicuous for predial and political outrage. Once it had had a Scriptural school—but the school was closed; it had a rector who performed admirably the duties of a country gentleman—but it became necessary to surround him perpetually with an armed guard—his glebe-house was converted into a police barrack. At the date of the last Census the Protestant congregation amounted to forty-seven; but we are informed that, during the stormy years which followed, it became reduced to nine. This was the condition of Doon when the Irish Society commenced operations in it.

The first step taken by the Readers was to seek the tolerance of the priests, who examined the books in which they were to instruct the people—including as they did an Irish version of the Scriptures—pronounced—in the mere rashness of pride perhaps—a favourable judgment on the books in general, and said they saw no reason why the men should not ‘earn an honest penny.’ The Readers acted on this sufficiently scornful toleration with such success that it was speedily withdrawn. Their converts were denounced, and the congregation warned to hold no intercourse with them. Soon after, ‘the faithful’ were instructed to follow them with hootings and groans. Such were the arguments with which the priests defended their cause. The clergy of the Established Church exerted themselves after a different fashion; and in about three years, in Doon and the neighbouring parishes, there were ‘added to the Church’ about eight hundred. Generally speaking, as each convert declared his conviction, he became subject to grievous persecution. If he had been dependent on Roman Catholics for employment, he lost it; while Protestants—fearful of incurring an unworthy suspicion, or distrustful of the sincerity of converts—acted accordingly. It was not until deaths from famine, under circumstances not to be misinterpreted, had enforced local attention, that they awoke from
their

their unhappy jealousy. Then they began to feel that men were not to be left to perish under the anathemas of Rome, in a country calling itself Christian, because they dared to read Holy Scripture. The clergy in Doon and its neighbourhood sought aid, in Ireland and elsewhere, to assist them in raising schools, enlarging churches, providing teachers, and employing at very low wages converts in danger of perishing under the malediction of the Romish altar. In this case, as at Tuam, the statements of the Protestants were contradicted; and, as usual, sins of bribery and intimidation were laid to their charge. It was even threatened that an attempt would be made to substantiate those accusations by proof. Liverpool was chosen as the place where the trial was to be had, but—*ecce iterum*—on the day appointed the accusing parties made *no appearance*. A plea having been set up that sufficient notice of the day had not been given—a plea which was shown to be wholly without foundation—a second day was named—and the priests again declined to appear, alleging that they had engagements which *might* occupy them on that day, but *not naming another*.

Thus, in every instance in which charges were made against Protestants, the accusers declined the challenge to prove them.

For these details some apology may seem requisite. We are well aware how many persons of name and influence have brought themselves to think the domination of Romanism an inevitable condition of Ireland, and that the public interests will be best served by endeavours to conciliate that power and mitigate, if possible, its intolerance. They dwell upon the fact that more than three hundred years have elapsed since the Papal Supremacy was legally abolished. They adduce the long-enduring perplexities of our Government as proof that there is a part of the empire in which, whether by ‘a fatal destiny of the land,’ or ‘by the genius of the soil,’ or (in the words of Spenser) ‘for some secret scourge which shall by *her* come to England,’ Popery cannot be eradicated; and in some instances they scruple not to accept for their guidance the act (though not the policy) of certainly a very politic monarch, and to say of Romanism what Henry VII. said of a formidable grandee—‘Sithence all Ireland cannot rule the Earl of Kildare, our judgment is that the Earl of Kildare shall rule all Ireland.’ Statesmen of this stamp would be disposed to receive reports which bring ready conviction to the unprejudiced, as followers of Hume would regard the testimonies for a Scripture miracle. The three hundred years since Henry VIII. serve as their ‘course of nature.’ Hence the tedious minuteness of our details. We felt that the prepossession was strong, and the presumption plausible, against what we believed,
nevertheless,

nevertheless, to be a blessed truth, established by evidence that only demands to be sifted.

But while the testimony is strong enough to overcome the highest degree of adverse presumption, we must observe that that 'course of nature' or term of prescription by which the incredulous are influenced is purely the creature of their own imagination. They assume that for three hundred years agencies have been at work which must have long ere now produced a complete Reformation—had such been possible. They overlook (or will not make themselves acquainted with) the fact that the course of true religion, in the remote past, as well as in recent times, has experienced heavy blows and great discouragements. If desponding politicians and philanthropists would interpret aright the voices of those monitory centuries to which they profess to listen, they would learn from them a lesson of better cheer. Harvests are not to be expected where seed has not been sown. This is the '*course of Nature*.'

Our relations with the sister island have subsisted for nearly seven hundred years—during which we have been concerned in two great enterprises or experiments. For more than three hundred and fifty years we laboured to govern her *with Rome for our ally*—during the latter term of the connexion that power *has been an adversary*. If it were required of us to prefix a motto to the history of England's first experiment in Irish rule, we would take Edmund Campion's version of perhaps the most important of the resolutions or Canons adopted at that synod or council which Henry II. caused to be holden (we dare not decide whether) at Cashel or Lismore—A.D. 1172:—

'That forasmuch as God hath universally delivered them into the government of the English, they should in all points, rites, and ceremonies, accord with the Church of England.'—*Campion's History of Ireland*, book ii. cap. i.

Here are two great announcements made: Ireland has lapsed, 'universally' under the government of England—she must be reduced under the ecclesiastical dominion of Rome. That yoke England had already taken upon herself—and the conquered country must submit to the same burden. The comment of an Irish historian, a Popish ecclesiastic too, we believe—(and one who 'trailed the puissant pike' as well as the pen in what he thought his country's cause)—on the compact of which this Canon is an exponent, may also be worth citing:—

'To root out Irish monks and plant English in their place, to keep a strict alliance with the Pope by an annual subsidy, was to wield the
two-edged

two-edged sword of the spiritual and temporal power for the subjugation of Ireland.'—*Taafe's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 63.

Artful, however, as the policy of Henry II. may have been, it was artifice which higher art controlled and baffled. One part of his object was attained; in the other he was frustrated by the genius of Rome. The work which Henry pledged himself to the Pope to do was done; ruinously well done. The old religion was obliterated—so effectually that its only vestiges have faded into mythology, and that ecclesiastical Ireland has been justly described as a Palimpsest, where principles and practices of the Roman Priesthood, Regular and Secular, are inscribed over the effaced characters in which the earlier Church of the 'Island of Saints' had its records written. So fared it for the religion which Henry was under obligation to intrude into the conquered country. But how sped the projects of civil government? As Rome enlarged her power, that of England declined. The domain 'universally' delivered into her rule soon became narrowed to the twelve counties of the Pale. For the other districts—so Bishop De Burgh in his *Hibernia Dominicana* instructs us—'although the armies of England came there from year to year, her laws *never reached them* until the times of Henry VIII.' And within that interval—as Mr. O'Connell in his *Ireland for the Irish* not unjustly boasts—a further curtailment of power had been experienced. The government of England at length comprised under its jurisdiction four counties only; and 'they that lived by west of the Barrow, lived by west of the law.'—Such was the issue of our first experiment. It commenced when Ireland was *universally delivered* to our government, and was to be reduced into spiritual submission to the See of Rome. At its close the Papal aims were achieved—while England had shrunk to the occupation of a garrison upon the eastern coast. Everywhere Rome had her armies established and her laws in authority. A glance over the *Hibernia Dominicana*, or Archdall's *Monasticon*, will bring under view the net-work in which the various Regular Orders had covered the country and caused it to feel and tremble under the Italian influence. In this state of things, England repelled into her garrison, and fortifying herself there against the broad dominions which she had handed over to the Papacy, *the second experiment commenced*.

It seemed to have an auspicious opening. Henry VIII. abolished by law the Pope's supremacy, and assumed the title of King. The great mass of the Irish chieftains manifested favour for both these assertions of independence. They declared 'that they would accept and hold his said Majesty, and the kings his successors,

successors, as the Supreme Head on earth, immediately under Christ, of the Church of England and Ireland,' and 'that they will annihilate the usurped primacy and authority of the Bishop of Rome.' 'It may be presumed,' writes the Roman Catholic poet and historian Moore, 'that neither by the clergy nor by the laity was this substitution of the supremacy of the Crown for that of the Pope considered as a change seriously affecting their faith, since *almost all the native lords and clergy came forward to confirm their allegiance by this form of oath,*' &c. (*Hist. of Ireland*, iii. 300). Various explanations have been offered of so ready an acquiescence on the part of the Irish chieftains in the claims, temporal and ecclesiastical, now put forward by the Sovereign of England. It appears to us by no means difficult to account for. The royal title took the fancy of a people who ages before had felt it soothing to the mortification of defeat to distinguish their invader by the cognomen *Fitz-Empress*. The Supremacy asserted by Henry VIII. was aptly associated with the rights of a *King*:—it had been so in the old native Church of Ireland—although not comprised among the privileges attached to the title of *Lord*. And while thus prescription and fancy lent their aid to magnify the authority of the King, the doctrine of Romanism had not yet ascribed to the Pope the high and absolute sovereignty which was afterwards usurped by him. At the time when Henry VIII. dissolved his partnership or coalition with the Pope, the Church of Rome was in that state of transition through which it passed from the mixed monarchy of mediævalism into the monarchical absolutism of modern days. More than twenty years were to elapse before the creed of Pius IV.—the charter of the actual Romanism—made its appearance. (A.D. 1564.)

While thus 'the King's name was an host,' the Papal ascendancy not altogether ascertained and absolute, and the exactions of Papal functionaries harassing to the Irish nobles, it was not wonderful that the bold proceedings of Henry were welcomed as the challenge and prelude to a great struggle, and that, even for the sake of the expected combat, they found favour with a turbulent people. More, it is evident, than the mere assertion of Supremacy was looked for:—

'Not content with his formal renouncement of Rome,' writes Mr. Thomas Moore, 'O'Brian, in a paper entitled *The Irishman's Requests*, demanded that there should be sent over some well-learned *Irishmen*, brought up in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, not being infected with the poison of the Bishop of Rome, and that, having been first approved by the King's Majesty, they should then be sent to preach the word of God in Ireland.'—*History*, iii. p. 323.

The hopes and wishes of many, it may be, spoke in these expressions of the potent Chief of Thomond; but they were doomed to disappointment. Little of the anticipated controversy took place until the accession of Elizabeth, and, in a few years after, Romanism assumed its modern character and organization. 'The Pope, he is the Church,' as Le Maistre insists—is the great principle of the existing Church of Rome:—a principle developed in the concluding Sessions of the Council of Trent, and to the assertion of which the Creed of Pius IV. was made subservient. When the controversy, which ought to have commenced twenty years earlier on the part of England, was opened languidly in the reign of this great Queen, the minds of Irishmen had been preoccupied against it—the elevated style and port of the Pope had effaced the impression produced by the bold assumption of her father—and her own formal deposition by a Bull found perhaps more favour with an excitable people than Henry's adoption of a title which had proclaimed the 'Lord of Ireland' an independent *King* in that island no less than in England.

The antagonist parties were now soon formed, and in action. On one side there were arrayed Ireland and the post-Tridentine Church of Rome; England and her Reformed Church on the other. This contest has been prolonged for nearly three hundred years, and its broad issues, thus far, may be regarded as in contradistinction to those of the former experiment. In that, England extended all over the land the religion of which she was the accredited champion, and, in recompense, had the mortification to find her government rejected by nine-tenths of the country once 'universally' delivered to her. In the latter experiment she has (fully in theory at least) won back dominion for her laws, but has failed in the propagation of her faith. There may seem something anomalous here—but in reality there is not. England in neither case failed to accomplish what she sedulously exerted herself to achieve.

Mr. M'Cartney, in 'The Experiment of Three Hundred Years,' pursues the stream of time from the Reformation downwards, and maintains with great ability his leading theses: viz. that the Established Church in Ireland has never had the opportunity to develop its power for spiritual good; that the efforts of its clergy were not only not seconded, but discountenanced and frustrated by the State; that what England wished the Irish Church to effect was the *subjugation* of Ireland, not her *conversion*; and that, accordingly, we never supplied her with the agencies through which, humanly speaking, conversions are to be effected. We commend this work to our readers, and willingly spare

ourselves the pain of reciting what can be found there compendiously and, as we believe, accurately stated. But there is one point on which we must dwell for a moment. The lesson of the day of Pentecost, even although recommended by the genius of Spenser and the wisdom of Bacon, may be almost said to have been lost upon England. From time to time, it is true, individual bishops and clergymen applied that great lesson, and could appeal to the beneficial consequences. Such men translated both Testaments and the Book of Common Prayer into the Irish tongue; they abundantly showed how practicable it would be to train up ministers competently instructed in the use of that necessary idiom;—but all this was disregarded by the State—and Rome was suffered to retain as her own, ‘without corral,’ the incalculable advantage of a gift by which she could turn to her sole benefit the feelings and prejudices of an ignorant people—whom it was but too easy to keep in ignorance.

The Church of Rome has as its allies in Ireland two principles, which in other parts of the world have often been found in antagonism. Elsewhere if the Papacy trench too closely on the privileges of the nation, Father-land asserts its power, and the Vatican learns caution. In Ireland the national and the papal are interfused. The religion of Rome is not a religion of love: its abhorrence of heresy is a far more powerful principle of action than its value for souls; and in Ireland it discerns, in the same individual, an object at once for doctrinal rancour and national vindictiveness. *The heretic and the invader are the same.* Many a difficulty arising out of the history of Irish Romanism will find its solution in this one characteristic.

The agencies which have produced and cultivated this state of feeling are described in some of our former volumes;—we refer especially to No. cxxxiv., March, 1841. That their effects were not undesigned, we learn from a witness who cannot be accused of a bias unfavourable to Rome—M. de Montalembert:—

‘The Priests knew,’ he says, ‘that to preserve the faith it should be made the life and only resource of a conquered and oppressed people, and that, to make it take root in their hearts, it *should be joined with a fervent love of liberty and country.* Always free and always poor, they preserved themselves from all contact with that *English Civilization* which was the offspring of the Catholic religion but revolted against its parent.’

Such, we are to understand, were the Priests in the days of penal laws and civil disabilities. They were ministers of a religion which, *they knew*, could not live on in its own strength. To preserve it, Civilization must be withstood, and something which M. de Montalembert calls Love of liberty and country must

be cultivated in combination with religion. * To the Priests, therefore, according to this most accomplished ultra-montane authority, are to be ascribed the impediments to the progress of Civilization, and the ascendancy of affections or passions which, with whatever epithets the Count adorns them, have achieved for themselves a signal reputation in the Newgate Calendar of Ireland.

‘Let us now,’ proceeds M. de Montalembert, ‘consider the Irish Priest of *these* days, when the sword of persecution is sheathed, and when nothing remains to be overcome but poverty and the stupid opposition of power. He is the Depositary of *the Laws of the Community*—and knows where *they must bear the yoke*, and where they may *shake it off*. In many cases he decides their legal differences, and no one dares to violate his decision. And, finally, *it is he* who conducts the poor freeholder to the hustings to vote for a friend to the country or to the ancient religion.’

According to this pregnant testimony, the Irish Romanists are kept apart, as a *Community*, having *Laws* of which the Priest is the *Depositary*. As yet the State does not recognise and enforce these laws, but Romanism takes care that they shall be obligatory *on conscience*, and that *opinion* shall give them a sanction. Now what is the appalling phenomenon of Irish disorder? It is not the amount of crime. It is the *seared conscience and the vitiated public opinion*. The murderer will go through forms of prayer with a tranquil heart before the body of his victim is cold; and the renown of his worst atrocities will be an *open sesame* to every heart and home of his ‘Community.’ And the elegant Frenchman proclaims that this fearful demoralization is essential to the maintenance of the true Religion in Ireland, and blazons and boasts that it is solely the achievement of her Priests.

Beside the laws of ‘the *Community*’ there are other laws—those of the State;—and these, we apprehend, constitute the *yoke* which must sometimes be endured, may sometimes be shaken off. The Priest ‘knows the true moment when.’ How does he acquire this knowledge? Does his acquisition of it account for that remarkable allocation of the Romish Episcopate which assigns their appropriate spheres to men of apparently opposite temperaments, and thus keeps up a good understanding both with the Government and with ‘the Masses?’ In one department is placed the ‘*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*’—in another something which is regarded as the ‘*Mitis sapientia Læli*.’ And in all cases the disposition is wisely made—for ‘Jacob’s voice suits well with Esau’s hands’—when the one whispers smooth things in Dublin Castle, while the rest are scattering firebrands through the provinces.

It

It may perhaps be said that it is not just to cite the representations of a foreigner, as if they were to be considered important testimony touching the character of the Priesthood. It would not be just *to offer such testimony against them*. We have not done so. The passages now quoted have been adopted by the body to whom we apply them. We have not taken them from Montalembert's work, but from the 'Complete Catholic Directory—Revised by a Catholic Priest approved of for that purpose.' Its—of course distinguished—editor says—

'To the multiplied calumnies of apostates and interested bigots on our venerable clergy it is not necessary for us to reply. The convicted forgeries and self-evident falsehoods of the parties concerned form their best refutation. We cannot better conclude these few observations than in the words of a learned and noble foreigner, Count Montalembert, taken from his *Sketches of Ireland*.'—*A Complete Catholic Directory*, 1837, p. 81.

There is one passage in the Count's 'masterly delineation' (so styled by the same reverend reviser) which it remains for us to cite:—

'Again, you may see him in his white robe standing before the altar, and speaking to his brethren on all their interests, spiritual and temporal, *in the old Irish*—a language so poetic, so pure, and so expressive—the only one of the European languages that has no trivial or unmeaning words—the only wreck that remains in Ireland of its original greatness and power. It is in this mysterious language, *unknown to the rich and the Protestant*, that the priest associates himself with all the wants and all the affections of the poor.'

Though the French Count's eulogy on a language of which or its monuments he knows probably nothing, may be much exaggerated, there is undoubtedly a great truth disclosed here—the main secret, peradventure, of the strength of Romanism in Ireland. By means of this spell the priesthood was enabled in times past to retard and resist the progress of wealth and *civilization*; to withstand the severity alike and the attractions of the laws; to bind together, and keep distinct from the population with which they intermingled, *the Community*; and to make them regard Ireland and the Church of Rome as one; to fuse into one passion against the Protestant and the Saxon all the rancour of race and sect, and thus to keep masses of the Irish people ever in readiness for a struggle, in which, when the hour is come, national hatred will hope to glut its revenge, and religious bigotry to indulge its darkest tyranny. The Irish language is no doubt a potent charm that protects these detestable passions against the better influences of the days we live in.

There

There is an expression, however, in the passage, not to be interpreted literally—‘unknown to the rich and the Protestant.’ This is not altogether true. Protestants have made themselves acquainted with the Irish language. Roman Catholics, well versed in its eloquence, have become converts to a pure faith; and if we are rejoicing at the prospect held forth to us now, it is to be proclaimed that we owe the blessing very much to the instrumentality of a Society composed of such Protestants by education and choice, and acting in connexion with the Established Church. The *Irish Society* has been for nearly thirty years in active operation—and, making allowance for the opposition of professed friend and open enemy, its success has been, in fact, marvellous.*

It is not necessary to offer proof that a change had been effected in the public opinion which prevailed at the commencement of this century, with respect to the policy which should be pursued towards the Church of Rome. The clumsy attempts at proselytism, previously made, had proved abortive: the inducements to leave the Italian Schism, ill seconded and strongly counteracted as they were, had been of but little avail; and, as if repose at any cost had become desirable, it was thought well to purchase it by a species of truce with the religion against which the State had long waged fruitless war. The establishment of the Royal College of Maynooth, and the discontinuance of a provision for Priests conforming to the Church of England—first made by an early Act of Queen Anne, and suffered to lapse in 1800—would have been, had they stood alone, sufficient signs that the Government wished to set at rest all controversy between the rival religions. The Church of Rome, however, would not acquiesce in the will of the State, or submit to its dictation. According to her fashion, she addressed herself to the duties, as she conceived them, of the season. The State had receded—her interest and duty were to advance. With the more obscure movements in which she laboured for her ends we

* The following sentences are from the first statement of the Society for Protecting Freedom of Conscience—a Society of which the Archbishop of Dublin is President:—

‘The Committee have taken every opportunity to inquire what has induced such numbers to expose themselves to suffering and persecution by joining our Church; and the result has been a conviction that, under God, it has been a *heartfelt* knowledge of the Holy Scriptures The exertions of the *Irish Society* have in many cases been the first means by which the hearts of the peasantry have been reached and their understandings enlightened. The Committee have strong reasons for believing that large numbers are prevented from openly professing themselves converts by the want of protection, and that an intimate knowledge of the evils and corruptions of Popery, and of the testimony of Holy Scripture against them, is far more general in many districts than the profession of Protestantism, even where converts are most numerous.’

do not concern ourselves here; but there were certain leading measures on which even in this sketch a line or two should be bestowed. In 1808, the 'Complete Theology' of Dens was pronounced by the Roman Catholic Bishops the best guide for their clergy; and in 1814 an edition of this work issued from the Irish press. Two years after, in 1816, came forth the Douay Bible—with the same annotations which had appeared in the Douay and Rheimish versions when first published—and asserting on its title-page the *approbation* of Dr. Troy, Archbishop in Dublin. The execrable principles enunciated by Dens are notorious. The notes of the Douay Bible are not less flagitious. The design they were to serve has been avowed with authority not to be disputed. In the second number of the most important of the Papist journals—at that time edited by Dr. Wiseman, Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Quin—we have this frank acknowledgment:—

'The notes of the New Testament were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II.—the Armada. They were in unison with the celebrated sentence and declaration of Pope Sixtus, which designated Elizabeth as an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.—as an usurper and unjust ruler, who ought to be deposed—and *as a heretic and schismatic, whom it was not only lawful but commendable to destroy.*'—*Dublin Review*, No. II., p. 505, July, 1836.

Such was the design to which Holy Scripture was thus made subservient when comments of him 'who was a murderer from the beginning' were appended to its text by authority of the Church of Rome. As soon as the pestilent volume appeared, it attracted the strong censures of the press, aroused the indignation of the English people, and thus produced a disavowal from Archbishop Troy of his having had, knowingly, any complicity in the issuing of it. There was also an abortive endeavour, on the part of Mr. O'Connell, to have it condemned in the Catholic Board. The learned gentleman—influenced, as he subsequently acknowledged—by a fear that the publication might prejudice the Roman Catholic question in Parliament, described it as a book which taught that it was not merely permissible but '*essential* to believe that it was lawful to murder Protestants,' and that 'faith might be innocently broken with heretics;'—but he could not prevail on 'the Board' to disavow the book. For a time it would appear as if the disclaimer of Dr. Troy had some effect; but in 1818 the condemned work was again given to Roman Catholic readers, in a manner which might justly be called clandestine.

The perseverance with which this bad book was circulated is no

no trifling matter. There was no scheme of invasion, it is true, meditated in 1816; but there was another scheme, in preparation or in action, still more odious and formidable. The Ribbon Society, bound by oath to the extirpation of Protestants—a Society which Lord Plunkett prosecuted in 1822, and which, *when its existence and its purpose had become notorious*, Dr. Doyle made the occasion of a pastoral address—was preparing for a work of slaughter, when that Bible, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, had for its express purpose to convert Englishmen into traitors, was called forth from obscurity that it might teach its perilous doctrines in Ireland. We do not profess to find correspondence where coincidence only is manifest; but we have no hesitation to say—adopting, not inventing, the illustration—that when Cicero and Roscius essayed their respective arts, and the actor's gestures responded to the great orator's expressions, the harmony could not have been more perfect than that which subsists between the sentiments manifested by the annotators of Rheims and the ruffians of Ribbonism.*

The Protestant clergy were now aroused into action; and the laity in various instances encouraged and aided them. The pulpit, the platform, the press, were employed in discussion of the great questions upon which, it seemed, all hearts were set; and, instead of the sullen rancour or the dull indifference with which subjects of controversy had been previously regarded—as if exposure to sun and air had extracted the venom from them, they were discussed in a spirit of 'stormy cheer,' in which antagonists became friends. Priests who shrank from such conflicts were compelled by their flocks to undertake the defence of their faith;† and some of them, for a time conspicuous in the contest, renounced by and by the errors they felt to be indefensible. Supernatural aid was called in. The bishops Doyle and Murray proclaimed marvels wrought at the intercession of

* We pass over this topic briefly. The history connected with it may now be studied in a satisfactory manner. At a public meeting in Huntingdon, the Rev. R. J. M'Ghee having detailed evidences as to the establishment of the Romish canon law in Ireland, a requisition most respectably signed was addressed to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, praying that he would have the documents referred to by the speaker carefully examined. The requisition was complied with, and the Report has been published, with the verification of the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor—as well as of the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as respects other similar documents to which Mr. M'Ghee then or soon after referred. This important publication is named at the head of our article.

† 'Rev. Nicholas O'Connor. You did not attend those meetings?—No, I did not attend them at all.—Could you trace any feeling of exasperation resulting from those meetings?—Yes, the people found fault with me for not going and fighting the battle.'—*Com. Com. on State of Ireland, 1832.* The meetings alluded to by the Rev. witness were those to which Capt. Gordon had invited the people. Anger was felt against the priest who declined the invitation, not against the giver of it. In many instances the priests respected the wishes of their flocks.

a German prince, in attestation of the exclusive mission of their Church; and parodies of prophecy were put in circulation, predicting not only the downfall of the Protestant Establishment but the extirpation of the Protestant people. All this was vain. The reports of miracles were carefully examined, the impostures exposed, and the truth, wherever there was truth, accounted for from natural causes. At length educated Roman Catholics began to intimate that the wonders were too empirical for the age, or not executed with sufficient dexterity. The miracles ceased. As to the prophecies, time tested them. 1817, 1818, 1821, 1825, were, each in its turn, named as *the year* which was to close upon Ireland cleansed of heresy. Dr. Doyle, when the Ribbon conspiracy was detected in 1821, warned its members against the interpretations of prophecy that had betrayed them, and which, he fairly said, could not apply to the Church of England, which they were carefully to distinguish from Lutheranism. 1825 was to be, then, the year; and, when much of it had passed away, Mr. O'Connell put back for four years more the shadow of death, declaring that, if the prophecy were to be received in its popular interpretation, 1829 was to be the date of its fulfilment—still, undoubtedly, a noticeable date!

During all this time the cause of the New Reformation had been growing—without attracting much notice in high quarters—through the influence of Scriptural schools and the unostentatious exertions of the clergy. It is to be observed that the power of the Established Church, as an instrument to diffuse truth, has been greatly augmented since the Union—the number of Protestant Episcopal Churches in Ireland having been in 1700, 492; in 1800, 626; in 1830, 1100; in 1848, 1354. The parochial clergy had been proportionally augmented in number, and had partaken largely in the improvement which has been experienced throughout the empire. The present venerated Lord Primate of Ireland, by his own act (cordially acquiesced in by the other heads of the Church), had *abolished* the vice of pluralities—and thus the evil of absenteeism ceased to be felt. In fact, while the State was legislating and governing as if the sway of Romanism were to be a permanent infliction on Ireland, the rightful Church of that country had been reforming itself, and recruiting its energies for the great work of deliverance which it is now accomplishing. The first decisive evidence of an altered spirit was afforded in the spread of Scriptural education. In 1812 there were six hundred schools in which the Scriptures were read, and four thousand in which they were not read. In 1826 the schools in general had increased to eleven thousand, and in six thousand of these Scripture was avowedly read—while in more than three thousand Scripture had

had not been introduced—and there were *two thousand* from which *no answers were returned to the query whether the schools were or were not Scriptural*. Every circumstance justified the persuasion that the Bible *was* read in this latter class of schools, but that the masters or mistresses were reluctant to make the avowal. The war which the Priests opened against this prospering system of Scriptural education introduced a new and powerful principle into the controversy. In many an instance, when the alternative was offered to withdraw from the Church of Rome or from the school, parents said their children must be instructed, and they would embrace the side of those who gave them education.

It was thus the movement commenced in 1827 at Askeaton—where the present Dean of Ardagh, Dr. Richard Murray, was then incumbent;* but even within that year it became general. No province was without its scenes of stirring interest—scarcely a county without its list of conversions. The history of that memorable year occupied a striking paper in the *British Critic* for January, 1828. The number of converts made publicly known, in 1827, up to the month of September, was two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven. The article was written, we believe, by the Rev. Dr. Millar, ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and author of that valuable work, ‘*History Philosophically Considered*.’ The report of this accomplished divine, carefully compiled from communications which he courted in every part of the country, was remarkable for the sobriety of its tone. The progress made in 1828 has not, that we are aware of, been so accurately ascertained, but we have ground for believing that it exceeded even that of the preceding year. In truth, the failure attendant on the Hohenlohe miracles and the Pastorini prophecies seemed to have brought disaster on the cause that had recourse to them. Two or three years more might have very seriously thinned the ranks of Romanism; but that at best perilous—certainly ill-timed and ill-managed—experiment, the measure of 1829, which seemed to have in it the essence of a miracle, and to be the expected fulfilment of prophecy, changed the character of the struggle.

It will be said that if a real conviction had been created

* The then Bishop of Limerick was so hopeless of a beneficial result from Dr. Murray's labours, that he strongly remonstrated against the peril to which he was exposing himself, as well as the peace of the country; but when he learned the actual result of this pious minister's exertions, saw how he was loved among the people, and how his work prospered, he frankly avowed his altered feelings. His Lordship had arranged to visit Askeaton Church, and preach to the converts, when he was arrested by the visitation which disabled him for active duty.—See that interesting volume (now in a second edition), the *Life and Correspondence of John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick*, by the Rev. C. Foster, D.D.—The reader will not be surprised to learn that the Bishop's illness was represented throughout Papal Ireland as a *judgment*.

and diffused, no political incident could have prevented the avowal of it; and it is true, that, were minds influenced only by pure reason and faith, actions would be thus simple. But, it must be admitted, many elements combine in the arguments by which controversy is decided, and the outward success of a religion has ever had at least its due power in influencing men to profess it. When *the* two Statesmen most especially familiar to the public mind as opposed to the Romish claims, were found setting aside the wishes and opinions of the English people, coercing—it was said at the time, and we now know how truly—the royal will, and breaking up a great party, for the sake of carrying into effect what they had so long withstood; and when they acted thus, avowedly, not because they thought their new course was either just or wise in the abstract, but because, from *the state of parties*, they regarded concession as inevitable—it was not wonderful that those for whom this success had been achieved thought the hour at hand when Protestantism was indeed to be cast down in Ireland for ever.

For a time there was a ‘horrid stillness.’ It was as if, in a battle, some vast magazine had been suddenly blown up, and the armies stood at pause until the shock should have subsided.

Romanism soon resumed its activities—and it had now attained a vantage-ground from which it became practicable to alter the direction of its movements. The contest had previously been urged on two subjects intelligible to all—*the right to read God’s word, and the right of private judgment*. On these the Protestants had a clear advantage. Freedom of Scripture was now loudly proclaimed by the Priesthood. They appealed to the fact that *the Douay Bible* was open to their people. The right of private judgment, though for some time disputed, was also conceded in the end—the champions retreating upon the *abuse of the right*; and in that position Protestants left them unmolested. Such was the issue of the controversy up to the year 1829. The issue was *virtual Protestantism*—an issue not to be measured by the number of those *who came out of the Church of Rome*, but by the power also of the *new element introduced into it*. Romanism acknowledging the right to read the Bible and to exercise, with due restrictions, man’s privilege of reason, could not have long maintained a separate existence in the same country with our Protestantism. To expel this element of change, and to overthrow the agency by which it had been forced upon her, was the object to which Rome now *totis viribus* addressed herself. And her first essay was very dextrous—or else she obtained a random success ‘beyond the reach of art.’ The *Emancipation Act* gave the Irish Romanist party a direct and
important

important weight and power—which was further increased by the *Reform Bill*. The British Government was influenced to withdraw its support from schools in which the Scriptures—in the authorised or in the *Roman Catholic* version—were, of necessity, read during hours when the children were required to be present; and to patronize schools wherein, during the same hours, the Scriptures, in whatever version, were interdicted. The advantage thus won to the Church of Rome was not granted to her by the legislature;—nor was authority for it to be found in the terms or the spirit of that well-known *letter* which has been called the Magna Charta of the National System. It was given only by a rule of the Commissioners of Education—a rule, however, which was soon found to have the effect of law. It gave a double advantage to Rome—adopting her principle on the subject of Scripture, and causing a disastrous separation between Government and the Established Church.—We have often signified our regret that the Irish clergy could not reconcile it to their sense of duty to take part in the management of the National Schools;—expressing the opinion of many reflecting laymen in Ireland itself that, under their management, the schools would improve, and become instruments of much good. The reply of *the* Clergy is, that—even putting out of view their conscientious objections to the principle of the National System—prudential considerations would have justified their adoption of a different course. They say that the abandonment, by the Government and Legislature, of the Kildare Place System taught what was to be expected whenever the National System should become unacceptable to the priests. It was *their* opposition which caused the overthrow of a system confessedly approved by the people, and faithfully administered. Similar opposition would have similar success against the National System—and the improvement which sanguine men looked for in the new schools would be the signal for so opposing *them*. In a word, the clergy were persuaded that any compromise of principle on their part could, after all, bring no assurance of an abiding recompence. We always did justice to their motives—though we thought their views, what experience has now proved them to be, short-sighted. Rome will never tolerate education. Education must inevitably lead to a free reading of the Scripture—and that is incompatible with her very existence. She never will, but as a blind and a delusion, consent that her children should learn to read—no matter what book—on the same bench with a Protestant class. Our Protestant clergy need not have been alarmed at the proposed union of the two religions in the National Schools. Rome would either keep away, or, if she came, there was *pro tanto* an end of Rome! The national grant would
soon

soon have fallen, without any effort on the part of Protestants, to the exclusive support of the Scriptural education.

By this series of errors on the side of the Protestants, the Roman Catholic party had gained apparently a great advantage. To have won from England the adoption of their principle respecting Scripture—that very principle which is the distinguishing iniquity of their apostacy—was a grand trophy ; and to alienate nearly seventeen hundred ministers of our Church from the favour of Government, and narrow very prejudicially the scope within which its ecclesiastical patronage would be exercised, was, as they imagined, to have gained protection against many a powerful antagonist. They, however, were mistaken. Our Irish clergy, in their suffering protest for the honour of Scripture, were perhaps as powerful as they had been in days of external prosperity. The conversions did not cease. • ‘Emancipation’ had fallen like a great rock into the stream and checked its flow ; but the waters formed a new channel at its base, and went on their free way again.

One of the incidents which most attracted attention when the Scriptural system of education was about to lose the support of Government was an Address, signed by a large number of Roman Catholics, praying that the grant to the Kildare Place Society might *not* be withdrawn. It was prepared in Kingscourt, and was signed by more than *three thousand* masters and scholars in the schools of the Irish Society. We must give one passage from this Address :—

‘ In our humble sphere of life, mingling daily with that numerous peasantry of which we form a part, we have more *sure* means to ascertain the real sentiments of that peasantry, relative to Scriptural education, than any member of Government. We, therefore, *most truly* and *solemnly* declare that the Irish peasantry in general are *sincerely* and *zealously* attached to the Scriptures ; that, instead of objecting to send their children to Bible schools, the very circumstance of the Bible being read in a school will induce many to prefer that school.’—*History of the Irish Society*, by H. J. M. Mason, LL.D. Dublin, 1844.

If discountenance could have frozen the Protestants into inaction, their cause would not have prospered. War was waged against the properties and persons of our clergy—until Insurance offices declined to grant policies on their lives. The Ribbon Confederacy—(alive and stirring under new names)—notified its resolution to keep down ‘heresy.’ Scripture Readers were pursued with ruthless violence—their protectors shared in the peril. One fanatic, made amenable to justice, boasted on the scaffold that he was not to blame for failing in *one* of his devout undertakings. His aim had

had been true—and if the Bible in the purposed victim's pocket intercepted the slugs, he, the pious ruffian, was not accountable. Men of this stamp did their work so effectually that at one time, and for no brief space, intelligence of three murders on an average reached Dublin Castle every two days. *Menaces* were scattered abroad where the assassin was less likely to follow his vocation with impunity—the signal of the lighted turf spread alarm throughout all Ireland—friendly warnings conveyed to Protestants to show themselves in Romish chapels and make pecuniary offerings to the priests—conspiracies, also, to swear away in Courts of Justice the lives of faithful men, concocted with diabolical ingenuity, and in some instances only baffled by what we must call marvellous interpositions of Divine Providence—combined to form a system of warfare and persecution such as never yet was carried into effect, unless in a country where barbarism and bigotry were found co-existing with the worst vices of civilization.

Such were the agencies (which may be for form's sake termed lawless) at work in the cause of Rome. What was the course pursued by the constituted authorities? We will not dwell upon it. A majority from Ireland had turned the balance of votes in the Commons—had broken up two administrations, and dictated terms of agreement to the adventurous undertakers that succeeded; law and authority were not exerted to protect conscience or the liberty which order loves. The good which has followed so much suffering is ascribable to something better than the influence of human governments. Under all the horrors of their unshielded condition the clergy of the Established Church, in connexion with the various Protestant Societies, or independently, continued to labour on;—and the result is now before the empire.

The hope which has thus brightened around our way is vouchsafed at a time of trial. The papal nominee's great *Association* has proclaimed its designs; and we avow our conviction that, 'if England to herself be true,' it is well that the power and purpose of a hostile faction should have been so banded together and openly, under such authority, arrayed against the Constitution. Rinuccini was not a more inauspicious boon to Ireland in the days of Charles I., than Monsignor Cullen in ours; but the time when the Italian Prince came down upon the land was better chosen for evil. The intrusive Prelate's Association proposes to itself a bold enterprise, and beats up for recruits wherever various discontents have disquieted and embittered the minds of men. Its *defensive system* is an aggressive one. It proposes to break down the muniments of property—confiscating, as it were, Protestant

Protestant possessions. It proposes to destroy the Church Establishment—disclosing the nullity of those sworn engagements which were agreed to as security twenty-three years ago, and which are still renewed by members of Parliament and their constituents. It proposes to assail the Crown in its most vital prerogative, and to arrogate to the prohibited titles and distinctions of a foreign priest the eminence of dignity granted to favoured subjects by the Royal Majesty of England. Against Throne, Church, Property, the Catholic Defence Association pronounces open, and what with the usual audacity it calls ‘constitutional’ war. We repeat—we do not regret this bold defiance, nor do we dread the issue. It has entirely changed many opinions long favourable to a liberal policy towards the Roman Catholics. It has, we are not ashamed to confess, considerably modified our own.

Our conviction is, that the Popish Schism in Ireland has never yet been judged of in its proper character, nor tried by its merits. A vague notion has spread itself abroad, that the Church of Rome is virtually *the Church of Ireland*:—that the mass of the people love and honour it, and that for their sakes the State owes it deference and support. Further, it has been continually asserted, and the assertion has too largely passed without rebuke, that the revenues of the existing branch of the Church Catholic in that country were wrested from the Church of Rome at the time of the Reformation. Light, however, is beginning now to break in upon these long-rooted misconceptions. It is already known to every man who investigates historical evidence, that no such confiscation or diversion of revenues took place. The Irish Church, as then established, *accepted the Reformation*, and accordingly *retained its revenues*. This is part of the answer: the other part is more important. The Church of Rome, no less than the Church of England, underwent at that epoch a signal revolution. It cannot, as respects what every statesman must consider to be of the first importance, be identified with the Irish Church of the period preceding the Reformation. As no man can hold a living in our Church who does not assent to the Book of Common Prayer, so, since A.D. 1564—but *only since then*—no Romanist priest can retain a benefice anywhere without swearing to the Creed of Pius IV. Here lies the point. The adjustment of revenue which took place in Ireland was, in fact, not a transfer of possessions from an old Church to a new one—but an assertion of the rights of the old Church, and a protection of them against the demands of that newly-formed system which chose to appropriate an ancient title. The Pope claimed for his new Church and for himself, that no ecclesiastic should hold possessions who would

would not swear an oath of *allegiance to him* in the form of a *profession of faith*. An oath, never proposed or framed until the year 1564, the British throne and Church resisted; and because they retained their possessions without adopting *a new creed* or taking an *oath of allegiance to a foreign power*, Irish ecclesiastics are charged with seizing upon the revenues of their predecessors. Should it be said that the obligations imposed in the Creed of Pius IV., although new in point of form, were old as matter of fact, the same may be said of the Anglican articles and service—but with this difference—the assertion as affecting our Church would be true; on the part of Romanism it would be a daring falsehood. The great articles of the Creed of Pius are those which regard the Bible and the Decrees of Councils—and these had never been promulgated in any form, in any branch of the Church, at any period of the world, before their appearance in fatal 1564!

The other fallacy to which we alluded has had a not less pernicious influence. It is assumed that *the religion of the priests and people is the same*, and power has been given to the priesthood because of the millions who are imagined to believe in their religion. Where the name is one, it is natural to think their faith the same. This, however, we take leave to say distinctly, is not the fact in the case of Ireland. To a vast extent, the multitudes boasted of by the priests are ignorant of the dominant peculiarities of the Papal Church. Until the year 1825, when a Parliamentary Committee made it public, we believe the creed of Pius IV. was as little known among those who all (it was said by one of their bishops) believed in it, as the Talmud; and even at this day, were it not for the exertions of Protestant controversialists, we are persuaded its doctrines would be unknown to the great mass of the people.

The genius of the Vatican organizes the three or the five thousand who constitute the ecclesiastical body; the *genius loci* has hitherto furnished the millions who gave that body consequence; nor has England ever made a persevering exertion to dissolve this alliance, but has contented herself with legislating or governing for the necessity of the hour, under paroxysms, as it were, of austerity and indulgence. It became, from the completion of the Council of Trent, the fixed policy of the Court of Rome to hold the Papists of Ireland in a state in which they must be regarded as foreigners, if not enemies, by the Crown. In the reign of James I. an oath of allegiance was condemned at Rome. All Irishmen were forbidden to take it—and ecclesiastics convicted of treason, to whom pardon was offered if they would swear that the Pope had not the power to depose sovereigns for heresy,

heresy, implored, in vain, permission to make this declaration; their piteous supplication was received with cold cruelty, and they died on the scaffold. In the reign of Charles II. a declaration of allegiance was circulated for signature, under the auspices of Ormond, and with the aid of some moderate ecclesiastics: it too was condemned at Rome, and the project was discomfited. Under Queen Anne, George II., and George III., efforts were made to bring Roman Catholics within the constitution, by administering to them an oath in conformity with *the principles they professed*; and the prohibition of Rome prevailed in every instance against the interests and wishes of the Roman Catholics themselves. At length, at an advanced period of the reign of George III. (perhaps when the influence of the House of Stuart had declined), the gentry of the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland took the oath—the clergy to a very great extent adopted the same course of prudence and propriety; and although Rome to this hour has never given an express sanction to the oath—while *incidents elsewhere* indicate that the Papal law has not become more indulgent to such professions—the oath continues to be taken without hesitation in Ireland, by people, and priests, and bishops—with, it is reported, the solitary exception of Archbishop Cullen.

An allusion has been made to incidents in other quarters. We may note in particular the affair of the Bishop of Malta, who was, in 1835, invited to take his place at the Council Board of that dependency, and who, in deference to the judgment of Rome, declined the oath of qualification. On the 19th of December in that year, the Cardinal Secretary of State, Beretti, thus responded to the Bishop's letter of the preceding May:

‘The form of oath having been examined, it is found that it is *not approvable by the Holy See*, and that it *never has been approved of*:—and likewise the resolution taken by Monsignor Quarantotti—whose letter, written as Vice-Prefect of the Propaganda on the 16th of February, 1814, to Monsignor Poynter, in the absence of the Pope from his See, was alleged in support of that form—has not been approved of.’

What follows from this announcement that the qualification oath of Roman Catholics is *not approvable by the Holy See*? One of two things. The oath is worthless as a security to the State—or else they who swear it *are not in communion with Rome*. Both these results may follow, and Romanism in this Empire may be rent in twain. The *Irish* party succeeded in their determination that the oath should be sworn. The *Papal* party may struggle sore to render the disapproved engagement a nullity. The Roman Catholics of the empire, of Ireland especially, are

on their trial. Dr. Cullen's Defence Association appeals to the constituencies and their representatives. The oaths of allegiance make also their appeal. The answer to both will be returned by the now near general election.

We have seen an Irish majority in the House of Commons avail itself of the state of parties so as to acquire a perilous influence. We have not sufficiently adverted to the fact that the British Government has exercised a similar power over Romanism. It was at the side of the *Irish party when the oath of allegiance was first taken*; of late years it has given preponderance to the *Papal party*, and must take its full share of responsibility accordingly. A negotiation recently brought to light, will illustrate our meaning. The abortive and monitory issue of the Maltese enterprise, it might be thought, would have protected the Crown against a repetition of it; but it is actually true, confessed, and boasted, that the late Government offered to a Popish Archbishop the rank, office, and opportunities of a Privy Counsellor in Ireland. While this continued matter of rumour merely, we had the charity to disbelieve it; but in the House of Commons, even while we write, all has been settled by Lord John Russell's reply to a question of the member for Armagh, Sir Wm. Verner. The noble ex-Premier's words, as reported, were—

‘I have no hesitation in stating that the fact repeated by the hon. baronet is substantially correct; but I should have hesitated making that admission had I not been called upon formally to avow it. It was proposed to the late archbishop [Dr. Murray of Dublin] to take a seat at the Privy Council in Ireland, and the archbishop declined to accept it. Sir, I can only say that it gave me great satisfaction to make that proposal, which I did through Lord Besborough, and I much regretted at the time that it was not accepted by a prelate whose character I esteemed and whose memory I revere.’

We might ask why the Noble Lord, who took the step with ‘great satisfaction,’ avowed it with ‘hesitation,’ and only on a ‘formal call.’ But let this pass—the act itself is the important thing. ‘*Nos facimus—Deam.*’ These are the indulgences by which we make Romanism mighty, and these the prostrations by which we invite her to scorn us. With such indications of the secret good will or the craven spirit of her Majesty's ministers to guide them, how could ‘the Durham letter’ excite in the hearts of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics any feelings but those of indignation or contempt? In the Maltese negotiation Lord John Russell ought to have learned that the qualification oath of a Roman Catholic was a most precarious ‘security,’ and yet he invited—not simply a member of the Church of Rome, but—a Bishop, bound
by

by feudal engagements to the Pope, to accept the dignity and power of Privy Counsellor in Ireland, and thus to share in the knowledge of secrets which it deeply concerned the interests of the Crown that he should keep, and which his feudal oath to the Pope bound him to reveal. This was a madness or a *mystery* in the noble Lord, which, viewing it in all its parts, we do not hesitate to pronounce more affronting to the Sovereign, and fraught with more peril to the State, than the intrusion of my Lord Cardinal into Westminster.

A word or two more on the Malta documents. In the Cardinal Secretary's reply to the Bishop's application, it is said, on the part of the Pope, that the letter of Quarantotti to Archbishop Poynter '*had never been approved.*' It would have been more correct to say that the letter had been *disavowed*. There were two parties at the time among the Romanists of Great Britain and Ireland—one willing that the Crown should satisfy itself of the loyalty of Roman Catholic bishops—the other would deny such satisfaction. The aristocracy and the educated, including a large proportion of the bishops, were predominantly with the former party—the latter was that through which Mr. O'Connell came into power, and which he afterwards wielded with so much dexterity. This latter party delegated two bishops to visit Rome and intercede with the Pope. They were successful in their diplomacy, and in compliance with their remonstrances Quarantotti's Rescript was '*set aside.*'* The bishops who thus defeated the party favourable to British rule were Dr. Milner, long since dead, and that same Dr. Murray whom our Whig Government invited to the Privy Council—that Dr. Murray whom Roche-Arnaud professes to have seen received as a Jesuit at Mont Rouge*—the same who avowedly introduced Jesuit influence into Maynooth—who was patron of the Complete Theology of Dens—whose reply to the imputation of being '*at heart an ardent repealer*' had more of acknowledgment in it than denial.—Such was the faithful servant of the Pope whom Lord John Russell delighted to honour.

The spirit which dictated such demonstrations as this did not prevail in the British cabinet at the time when Roman Catholics insisted that an oath of allegiance should be taken; although, to say truth, it soon began to make its presence discernible. When the oath was taken, the whole composite body of Romanism became comprehended within the British constitution, and it was for the State to determine the extent to which its privileges should be granted to the new members, and on what

* Mémoires d'un Jeune Jésuite, chap. xxiv. p. 273.

conditions. The first great trial of strength or skill between the Irish and Papal parties, on which the Government was to pronounce, arose out of the momentous question of education. The Catholic Committee, in the year 1794, had arranged a plan of education which was, it is understood, to be liberal in its spirit and comprehensive in its scope. It was to offer its benefits to candidates for the priesthood, as well as to those who prepared themselves for other walks of life—nay, it was to be open to Protestants. But while this scheme was rapidly approaching completion—its contrivers, moreover, having all reason to believe that the Catholic hierarchy approved of it—a negotiation had been opened with the Government from which the laity were excluded—and the end was abandonment of the project which the Catholic Committee had devised, and the establishment of the Royal College of Maynooth.

Thus, if in 1774 the Irish party had a triumph in the matter of the oath of allegiance, the Papacy had its revenge in 1795 in the no less important matter of education. The choice rested in each case with the British Government how success should be awarded. At the former period there were clear signs that delay would be prejudicial to the political interests of the *Irish* party, and they determined to endure no farther martyrdom for tenets which they did not hold. In the latter case, the State was persuaded to believe that a domestic education for Irish priests would have its advantages, and thus the *Papal* party won its prize. Under the fostering policy of Jeroboam, it was said, the native soil would yield a Romanism of milder type than might otherwise be imported, with an admixture of continental vices and virulence. This was the reason of State—and show—for the erection of Maynooth. The private reason was—if we may credit Dr. M'Nevin and Mr. Emmitt—that the Romish bishops paid for it by a complimentary address to Earl Fitzwilliam. Recent events have rendered the report of such a traffic not wholly incredible. The free trade in opinion which admits of it is certainly more convenient to a party than beneficial to the country—a trade which could set up Maynooth to purchase from Roman Catholic bishops a complimentary address to one Lord Lieutenant—and, through the agency of Government-officials in a proclaimed district, could smuggle five hundred stand of arms into the hands of the Dublin Orangemen, to buy off an address of remonstrance with which those stubborn loyalists threatened another.

As to the question of the Maynooth endowment or establishment, apart from its accessories, we do not at all desire to prejudge the decision which must ere long be pronounced. We have

introduced

introduced it for one purpose only—as it serves to make manifest two interests in the Irish alliance. The Papal party, by whatever means, defeated the Irish one in the choice of an educational system. Let us ask—how has the vanquished party retaliated?

In the voluminous Report on Maynooth prepared in 1826, there is not a page, perhaps, more instructive than that which records the contributions to the College made from private sources. Some few Roman Catholics bestowed donations upon it between 1795 and 1814. According to a Report, signed by the vice-president of Maynooth, on Nov. 27, 1826, they amounted in all to 4456*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*; and the return testifies that two of these donations—one of 654*l.*, another of 622*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*—were *from England*.* From 1814 to 1826 not a single donation had been given. For the nineteen years that followed, if we may judge from representations made by those who introduced the Endowment Bill, it was equally neglected; and, had not the State come to its aid, must have speedily sunk under the pressure of its financial embarrassments. During those latter years the Roman Catholics of Ireland had contributed from 10,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* per annum as a *tribute* to Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and they suffered the College in which their priests were educated to sink into that disgraceful squalor in which Sir Robert Peel described and adopted it. A fact like this, even if it stood alone, would be no trivial indication of popular spirit and feeling. But it is far from standing alone. The truth is that the Roman Catholics of Ireland since the Revolution—perhaps we might have said since the Reformation—*have never been parties to any arrangement by which the ministration of a Papal Clergy could be assured to them.*

We shall be told of the liberality with which they provide, voluntarily, for the maintenance of their actual clergy; and be asked how this can be accounted for except by the influence of genuine faith and devotion?—Let us ask in reply, why it is more necessary to infer *belief* in Papal dogmas from the support given to those who have been educated to teach them, than to find *approval* of those dogmas in the provision which the Imperial Government makes that five hundred young men shall be induced by an ample pecuniary remuneration to prepare themselves for the same career? As respects the educated Romanists—to say nothing of strong motives of immediate political interest in not a few cases—there are, we are convinced, many who would be well contented that a system which they have

outgrown should die out, and yet could not abandon its living representatives to destitution. In Ireland, too, there are harsher incentives that should not be quite overlooked. ‘The contempt of the Faithful,’ writes Count Montalembert in that *masterly delineation* already cited, ‘assuredly awaits those who have it in their power, and will not give.’ Such contempt is likely to show itself in rude shapes, and it may make the voluntaryism of Irish Popery a system more stringently compulsory, under what the Count calls ‘the laws of the community,’ than any system could ever hitherto be rendered by the ‘laws of the land.’

If wealthy Irish Roman Catholics at home have withheld their contributions from Maynooth—while poor Roman Catholics have given heed to Protestant instructors in Holy Scripture—Emigration has also its disclosures to make. It has certified to departures from Rome so numerous as to be pronounced appalling. Various testimonies have recently been made public; that which we select has especial claims on attention. When it was decided that a ‘Catholic College’ (in opposition to the Queen’s Colleges) should be established in Ireland, among other agents appointed to collect funds, a Priest, by name Mullen, was sent to America. An individual so selected, we may feel assured, was faithful to the Church which so confided in him, and must be regarded as having the powers of observation and intelligence essential to success. His testimony is this:—

‘Twelve years ago America had a population (according to Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston) of 1,200,000. Calculating the increase of this number by births at the very small number of 500,000—and adding, for converts in the larger cities and towns, 20,000—we will have the following total:—

Catholic emigrants from the year 1825 to 1844 .	800,000
————— from 1844 to 1852	1,200,000
————— from other countries	250,000
American Catholic population twelve years ago .	1,200,000
Increase by births since	500,000
Number of converts	20,000
Number who ought to be Catholics	3,970,000
Number who are Catholics	1,980,000
Number lost to the Catholic Church	1,990,000
Say, in round numbers, two millions!’	

—*Freeman’s Journal, Saturday, April 24, 1852.*—

After quoting Mr. Mullen’s statement, a leading organ of Irish Romanism says:—

‘The fact cannot be denied—multitudes do abandon all religion either in their own persons or in those of their children. Many who have

have left Europe, that their children rather than themselves might have bread, have had cause to lament that those very children have lost by it the life which is "more than meat." We have great doubt whether emigration, as it now goes on, is attended with any real temporal benefit to Ireland; *we are very sure it is attended by much spiritual danger to the emigrants.*—*Weekly Telegraph, Saturday, May 1.*

The late Mr. Inglis, a tourist whose tendencies were by no means favourable to the established Protestantism of Ireland, mentions, when visiting Longford, what he is pleased to call 'a curious fact':—

'From time to time considerable emigration has taken place from this part of Ireland to America; and it is not unusual for remittances to be sent home by those who have emigrated, for the use of their relatives. Now it is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, *that Catholic emigrants* send their remittances to the care, *not of the Catholic Priest,* but of the Protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the Protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual for Catholics possessed of a little money *to leave the Protestant clergyman their executor* in preference to their own priest, *or to any other individual.*'—*Ireland in 1834, i. 347.*

It would be easy to adduce a multitude of details from other quarters in confirmation of this traveller. We have not room to do so; but as to his 'curious fact' itself, we may observe that the year in which this tribute was paid to the clergy of Ireland was one of the years in which they had most to endure. The tithe war was raging; and we remember well that, when the Marquis of Normanby, then Lord Mulgrave, affirmed that no clergyman of our Church had suffered violence during his administration, an Irish newspaper replied by a list of ninety sufferers, all within a few years, 1834 included. In twenty-eight instances they were plundered—in almost as many grievously assaulted. Not a few attempts had been made to take away their lives—*five* exemplary clergymen had been *murdered*. In a multitude of cases they were driven to seek sustenance for their families at a distance from their appointed spheres of duty. While this persecution was waged by Roman Catholics *inhabiting* Ireland—and while a Government, to gratify the persecutors, was inflicting heavy blows and sore discouragement on Protestantism—Roman Catholic *emigrants* were offering to those persecuted men the highest testimony of deference and respect:—knowing their want and how it had been caused, and *proving* their confidence in an integrity beyond the reach of temptation.

The 'curious fact' of 1834 was but one of many happy omens for Ireland. At this moment there is not a province or, we believe, a county wherein exertions are not successfully made
to

to bring Roman Catholics to the knowledge of Scriptural truth. Where our difficulty was thought to be greatest, where our hope least, light has sprung up. Far be it from us to underrate the resources still wielded by Rome in Ireland—or to condemn its manifest purpose to become, in the anticipated balancing of parties here, a power by which the State must submit to be governed. We even admit that such a scheme may, under existing circumstances, be fraught with more peril to the empire than it was in the days when Mr. O'Connell kept in place the men who hated and feared him. But we hope and trust that the embodied presence of the Papacy in the brigade which is to be its secular arm in our Senate will—at last—awaken a British spirit where it has too long been slumbering.

But what is to be done? We have had tentative legislation enough. We want two things—that the laws as they exist shall be administered, and that Parliament, before it enacts new laws, shall be enlightened. Romanism has taken up a position and put forth pretensions to which the Legislature cannot but give a strict attention. But this implies the duty of exploring the doctrines of that system, so far—although so far only—as they affect its political relations. We are bound to get rid of all mystery, of all doubt, as respects *the priest's oath*. We place at the disposal of the Romish bishops a fund by which they can induce or bribe young men to enter the ecclesiastical career—and cannot divest ourselves of complicity with the parties who require of these young men, whether during their collegiate education, or afterwards in their clerical life, to swear an oath against the impiety and antisocial character of which the gravest complaints have been made public. An inquiry is demanded not only by a sense of duty, but by the emergency of the season:—not inquiry such as it was on past occasions, when the plea of *not guilty* was accepted as conclusive evidence in favour of those whom their own admitted acts and professions accused; not inquiry such as it was when Roman Catholic colleges answered the questions which Protestant statesmen allowed a Roman Catholic solicitor (and Jesuit, as some have said) to put into shape. If the Houses of Parliament will do their duty boldly—if they take fair and ample means to show what—in a political sense—the Church of Rome is, and what it teaches—we firmly believe the result will be such a change in its constitution, or such a diminution of its strength, as will render it innocuous, at least for political purposes, in Ireland.

ART. IV.—*Mémoires d'un Ministre du Trésor Public*.—4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1845. (Not published.)

THE autobiography of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or a Paymaster-General is a subject not lightly to be approached by ourselves or incautiously imposed on the patience of our readers. We engage then at the outset to pass by the chronology of departed budgets and to forswear the mysteries of double entry. We shall neither linger at the receipt of custom nor perplex our pages with the *tableaux* of what is termed a 'financial situation'—but, leaving these *scrinia sacra*, endeavour to draw some attention to the personal history of a statesman who has seldom been surpassed for good sense and integrity.

The work before us was commenced in 1817 as a record of the actions of a well-spent life, and it includes a large quantity of notes taken at the time from the conversations of Napoleon, besides an extensive selection from his administrative correspondence. A great judge of mankind, who has himself passed alternately through the fascination of the Emperor's genius and the indignities of his resentment, assures us that upon the whole no known memoirs give so accurate a picture of his peculiar qualities and defects in the transaction of civil business. This book still remains unpublished, though completed by its author before his death, and even printed under his directions. It was his will that the work should be considered the private property of his excellent wife during her survivorship, and accordingly it is to the personal courtesy of Countess Mollien that we owe this opportunity of anticipating the judgment of the public on the eminent abilities and the estimable character of her husband.

We have seldom had the good fortune to meet with a more genuine production in this branch of literature: and we mean by that expression not only the indisputable authenticity of the work—a point not always to be overlooked in French memoirs—but the absence of theatrical display, the truthfulness of impressions, the modesty and good faith which pervade this narrative of so many great and strange events. M. Mollien brought to the service of his country all the qualities most opposed to the prevailing illusions and excesses of his epoch, and to the showy but ephemeral grandeur of the government to which he belonged. The world was convulsed by a paroxysm, but nothing could shake his stubborn arithmetic. He lived through a storm of revolution, bankruptcy, violence, and war, with unshaken fidelity to the traditions of authority, with the nicest regard for the obligations of public credit, with an inflexible adherence to right as the sole basis

basis of permanent power, and with undisguised apprehensions as to the result of the imperial policy. Throughout that eventful era Mollien was always the drab-coloured man, constant at his desk with his pen behind his ear. His sedate remarks and his sinister forebodings, in the midst of so much waste and riot, remind us of the unheeded steward in Hogarth's picture of the Rake's Progress. Nothing could inflame his imagination or subvert his principles; and whether shouts of victory or the crash of defeat rolled beneath him, he remained in unshaken composure, until Napoleon himself ejaculated one day in 1814, 'Mon cher, il n'y a plus d'Empire.'

He lived for esteem rather than for renown; and the services he rendered to the Imperial Government were not the less important because they were unostentatious and frequently unavowed. He retained those qualities of personal dignity, and a sense of public duty, to which revolutionary governments are commonly most fatal; and he held extremely cheap that adventurous and haphazard spirit which formed the chief greatness of his contemporaries. For this reason, however, these volumes are deficient in the minuter sketches of private life usually expected from *Memoirs*. The personal narrative of the writer is reduced to a slender compass, and he only alludes to the principal occurrences of his own career as much as is indispensably necessary to explain his connexion with public events. In a word, he led what is termed a life of business, and even his memoirs are written with as much conscientious labour and precision as a report on the state of the Treasury. They deserve, therefore, to rank above the class of personal reminiscences of the Empire to which they might be supposed to belong; and from the remarkable soundness of the economical principles which Count Mollien professed, as well as from his acute analysis of the resources of Napoleon's government, they may form a valuable addition to the libraries of statesmen.

In spite of all that has been said of the state of French society before the outbreak of the Revolution, and of the destructive influence which the eighteenth century had already exercised upon the fundamental principles of religion and order, that Revolution undoubtedly found in the prime of life a race of men whose equals France has not produced at any subsequent period—and the generation it sacrificed stands far superior in energy and solid ability, if not in intelligence, to the generation formed after its own image. To that race of men, whose representatives were ere long to sit as sovereigns on the benches of the *Tiers*, young Mollien belonged. He was the son of a merchant at Rouen, born in 1758, 'in that class of life to which,' as he says, 'I should myself have chosen
to

to belong, since it is neither tormented with envy nor apt to inspire it—voluntarily dependent on the laws, but dependent only on mankind by reciprocal duties.’ Having gained some prize at the University of Paris, the reversion of an under clerkship in the Treasury was promised him by a friend of his father; and in the mean time he pursued the study of the law. At this period his father took occasion to address to him some judicious remarks on the receipt of those professional emoluments which secure independence in life, but which Mollien’s juvenile delicacy fancied to be inconsistent with his own dignity; and the parental admonition was terminated by placing in his hands a copy of Smith’s *Wealth of Nations*.

‘PROPERTY,’ said the old man, ‘is a word which I never pronounce without respect, and I confess I have found no work which defines it exactly as I comprehend it. The older jurists consider it chiefly as an affair of transfer and inheritance; but my notice was lately drawn to an English book, in which I find, though not a special treatise on property, more extended notions of its elements, of the circumstances which affect it, of the ties it establishes amongst men, to whom it affords under so many different forms the sole matter of exchange. I recommend this author to your meditations; he has imagined nothing, but he has observed everything; his theory is exact, not conjectural; it explains the mechanism of society as Newton explained the solar system—by proving it. Such a book ought to be in the hands of all who take any part in public affairs, and especially of those who direct them. I am an old man, yet I can scarcely name a minister who has studied or who would have applied these principles. Perhaps the writer speaks to his readers in too high a tone, for it is not by contempt that false opinions can be effectually attacked; but as you, my son, are not called upon to enlighten or to govern others, it is for your own guidance that I exhort you to study the doctrines of my English author, whom I regret to find extremely superior to the economists of France. Be prudent enough not to use what you may find in it as a means of censure on our own government, but regulate your personal conduct by its maxims.’—i. 57.

This paternal exhortation powerfully contributed to give a lasting direction to young Mollien’s life. His mind was thoroughly imbued with the clear fixed principles of Adam Smith on subjects then obscure to many of the most thinking men in Europe. He accustomed himself more and more to make the laws and obligations of property the constant subject of his reflections, until they became his rule of conduct and his test of truth. Every question resolved itself at last in his mind into a financial equation; and as, contrary to the prediction of his father, he *was* called upon to take an important part in the government of the largest empire the world had witnessed since the fall of Rome, he

he presents the singular anomaly of a French minister under the reign of Buonaparte steadily endeavouring to apply the principles of Adam Smith, as far as he was able to prevail against the prejudices of his time and the passions of his master. Shortly afterwards, having relinquished the practice of the law, partly in consequence of the advice of an elderly advocate who sagaciously predicted the catastrophe already impending over the legal profession, Mollien received a regular appointment under the *ferme générale*, or financial company then entrusted with the collection of the public revenue.

During the seventeen years which he spent in the labours of this department he passed successively under the orders of no less than *fifteen* finance-ministers, and he had remarkable opportunities of studying and comprehending that extraordinary and increasing series of financial difficulties which at last brought about the dissolution of the monarchy. Financial burdens of far greater amount are now borne with comparative ease—financial difficulties requiring far stronger remedies are now boldly solved. But the French Treasury under Louis XVI. had fallen into the hands of empirics. The excellent intentions of the King were defeated by the feeble instruments he was compelled to choose. Confidence was destroyed, and the machinery of fiscal administration was incurably old, oppressive, and ineffective. A clandestine warfare was carried on against the fiscal authority deputed to the *ferme*, for in the single year 1783 the contraband of salt was so extensive that 4000 domiciliary visits had been made, 2500 men, 2000 women, 6600 children, 1200 horses, and 56 vehicles had been arrested on the public roads, 200 convicts were sent to the galleys, and out of the 6000 *forçats* then in the bagnes one-third were sentenced as smugglers. M. Necker declared the interest of the debt of France in 1785 to be 207 millions of livres, but that sum increased by 10 millions before the end of the year, and from 1774 to 1785 the augmentation in the interest of the debt had been 123 millions. ‘But this funded debt,’ says M. Mollien, ‘was not the only one which Louis XV. had bequeathed to his successor; it was not so much it, as the unfunded debt, left floating and without security, which was deepening the abyss.’ It was in a word the accumulated result of dishonesty and procrastination and of unclosed accounts in every department of the Government. In 1785 M. Necker computed this arrear at 250 millions; in 1789 it exceeded 550; and the result of these debts—disguised under the name of outstanding accounts—was to render it almost impossible for the State to contract any regular loan except on most onerous conditions. We advert to these figures, which give a brief summary of
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of French finance before the Revolution, because in our own day we are witnessing a repetition of many of the same phenomena—a rapid series of ill-qualified ministers, governing on no financial system, but providing only for the wants of the hour—a huge augmentation of the public stocks, and a still more rapid increase in the floating debt of the nation—yet in the present state of France these evils, which are greater under Louis Buonaparte after sixty years of revolution than they were under Louis XVI. at its commencement, are controlled, and their consequences may be averted, by the great improvement in the system of public accounts and a more equitable adaptation of the incidence of taxation.

Amongst the men then in Paris whose attention was directed to these subjects, long before it was discovered that the laws of finance involve no mysteries but the steady application of a few fixed principles and plain rules of honesty and good sense, was one whose name deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Under Necker's first administration, a Genevese banker, M. Panchaud, who had resided for some time in England, established a house of business at Paris. His operations were large, and not always profitable, but he produced a greater effect on the world by his *salon* than by his *caisse*. He talked on financial subjects with singular eloquence, and attacked the calculations of the minister of the day with extreme vehemence. Courtiers, abbés, magistrates, and idlers flocked to hear him, and amongst them were to be found one or two men capable of appreciating the value of such lessons. M. Mollien was one of the youngest of his guests, and with him young Louis, afterwards *abbé* and *baron*, the same who, twenty-five years later, under Louis XVIII., restored the credit of the monarchy after the calamities of 1815. M. Panchaud had assisted Turgot to organize the first *caisse d'escompte* established in France, which was the germ of the Bank of France itself, and he was habitually consulted by Calonne. Under the latter of these ministers a question arose about the reissue of the gold coinage. Panchaud was affronted that his opinion had not been asked, and he found means to place before the King a paper, in which he convicted the Minister of an inaccuracy. The King read the paper, and, handing it to Calonne, told him to answer it if he could. Calonne, whether from malice or from unconsciousness, called upon Panchaud himself to supply the refutation, and the unhappy Swiss was compelled to strangle, one by one, his own arguments, lest he should betray his secret and lose his place. 'How little prepared for great events,' says M. Mollien, 'was an administration so obstinate and immovable in the midst of the light, the wants, and the interests growing from day to

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to day around it!' Mollien himself was at this time only twenty-five years of age; yet he was employed to draw up the Report of the Minister to the King on the renewal of the leases or contracts with the Fermiers Généraux. The Minister received a present of 300,000 livres, which was the usual gratuity—called the *pot de vin du bail des fermes*. Necker had refused on a former occasion to accept it. The merit of the young clerk who had done the work was, however, not altogether overlooked, and he obtained a pension of 3000 livres from the Crown for extraordinary services—a merited reward, of which the Revolution was ere long to deprive him. That catastrophe already overshadowed the highest institutions of the country and the first interests of the State, not so much from the magnitude of its embarrassments as from the want of intelligence and skill to deal with them. At the outset, by bad public examples, the authority of property was already shaken; and as it was the peculiar characteristic of Mollien's mind to combine every political principle and even the laws of morality with the forms of property with which he was most conversant, the French Revolution is judged by him chiefly from this point of view. Thus, he writes:—

'Public credit only begins with the respect of Government for every species of private property. M. de Calonne had been led by the force of events to think, as M. Necker did, that a grand revolution in the financial system of the kingdom could alone repair its disorder, and he thought himself strong enough to undertake the task. But neither M. Necker, nor M. de Calonne, nor perhaps any one in France had then foreseen that a grand revolution in our finances would infallibly lead to a revolution in our whole social constitution. Some one has said that no Government in Europe could long resist the resentment of violated property. He who made that remark might have foreseen the explosion which M. de Calonne was preparing without intending it.'—i. 124.

And thus, in examining the practical character of the legislative body which so soon acquired an absolute and dictatorial power in the kingdom, he says:—

'The Assemblies convoked in 1788 and 1789 did not represent the property of the nation. Their majorities represented life-interests only, or that floating class of society which has but vanities to defend. They brought on the stage decreasing talents and increasing passions, and the rights of property were lost in the name of equality of rights. The property of France was called upon to support the extravagance of that revolutionary power which, without finances or taxes, raised fifteen armies, and boasted that it had sent 1,500,000 combatants to the field. By the side of the ruin and universal devastation which the country had thus to endure, the sacrifices necessary to meet

meet the deficit of 1789 would have been small indeed. But, composed as the Constituent Assembly was, it soon showed that it was capable of anything, because it relied on the classes which had no property at all. There are truths which nothing but the instinct of property teaches: as, for instance, that the seizure of property by an abuse of power is only to legalize armed robbery. . . . Property is the principal organ of the social body. It sets in motion all the rest: but it is also the most irritable and delicate of all institutions, and the slightest lesion on one point throws the whole frame into suspense and peril. It was for this reason that, in common with a few thinking men of the circle of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, I considered the first convocation of the National Assembly to be so fatal: for we understood by the term property all that human intelligence and foresight can create and permanently appropriate to the preservation of man.'—i. 142.

Whilst Mollien continued to watch the progress of the avalanche without partaking in the illusions of either side, it overtook him in his own career. He had foreseen that Paris would become the least desirable residence in France during such a convulsion; and he obtained from M. Tarbé, who had just been named Minister of Finance, an appointment to superintend a branch of the revenue in the department of the Eure. In the provincial society of Evreux he found many at heart unfriendly to the Revolution, in which they seemed to acquiesce—shocked by the 20th of June, 1792—appalled by the 10th of August—at either stage uncombined and helpless. By and bye, Rochefoucauld—who had concluded a course of weak subserviency to that pedant of treason and atheism, Condorcet, by a sincere repentance—made an attempt to get up an address in favour of the King after the 20th of June, and forthwith was assassinated at Gisors. Upon the same day Mollien was ordered, as a *suspect*, to repair to Paris. He lost his place, and hints that, had he been a noble, he should have emigrated: but, with more genuine courage and dignity, he turned cotton-spinner. He was one of the first manufacturers who introduced into France the machinery which was at that time so rapidly extending the industrial power of England. In May, 1793, Clavière, who was then Minister of Finance, again summoned him to the capital, and hinted that his refusal to take any part in public affairs might at such an hour be regarded as a crime. To Mollien, however, 'the post of honour was a private station;' and he went back from Paris to his spinning-jennies, wondering only to have found the Place Louis XV., which he had fancied to be blasted with some ineffable horror, looking just as he had left it, with its idlers strolling to and fro in the old tranquillity. Who, on returning after some fresh explosion to that arena of public crimes, has not felt with Mollien that the very stones and houses must be conscious of so much blood,
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until it is made evident, as it was to him, that even the living men in the streets are indifferent to the events of yesterday, and hardly more attentive to those of the morrow? The frightful familiarity of the population with incidents which would rouse every feeling of manhood and of shame in more regularly ordered societies, is the result of past revolutions, and the cause of an endless series of them. It is like the egotism of a pestilence or the apathy of a siege, when men dissemble their fear of danger by the suppression or extinction of their natural sympathies. Mollien returned once more to Evreux, but the Reign of Terror had begun. The provinces were infested by spies and informers; his friends were seized around him; he calmly awaited the same fate—and soon shared it. On the 15th of February, 1794, three Representatives of the People arrived to punish Evreux, as they said, for its attachment to the 'tyrant Capet, and one of them pointed out to Mollien, as he was carried away under arrest, the spot reserved for *national vengeance*. Upon his examination, he found that he was accused of taking part in the Duke of Rochefoucauld's Address. His coolness enabled him to parry the first attack of the revolutionary committee—and he was discharged. A few days later, however, he was again arrested by an order of the Convention, as an *accomplice* of the *Fermiers Généraux*. His papers were seized, and, as the patent of his small annuity was found among them, he was described as a 'pensioner of the tyrant.' Mollien's chief apprehension was that his own workmen would rise to rescue him from his captors. Announcing, in the most prosaic form, that he had occasion to be from home for a little while, he gave out work for a fortnight, and, with these precautions, surrendered himself to the ruffians who were to carry him to Paris.

He arrived in the night, and was at once restored to the society of the thirty-two *Fermiers Généraux*—his former masters—in the *Hôtel des Fermes*—their own property—part of which had now been fitted up with bars and gratings:—

'Innocence itself sleeps ill in prisons, and, though the night was far spent, most of the *Fermiers Généraux* were still awake. They were employed, with the incorrigible but ingenuous confidence of honest men, in opposing their own exact calculations to the extravagant suppositions of their adversaries. My arrival astonished them. Their first care was to offer me a share in the wretched furniture of the prison—a mattress on the floor and a screen—in which condition I remained till daylight. Nothing could be more painful than the scene around me, and I confess that I could ill sustain it; but the resignation, the patience, and the hopefulness of my companions gave me fresh courage. I learnt from them that their chief enemy was one of their former *employés*, for whom I had myself obtained from them a place of trust,

trust, which he had abused by appropriating 200,000 or 300,000 francs by means of forged documents. This man escaped from prison on *the* 10th of August, and, in order to recover possession of the papers affecting his own character, he declared that he had important disclosures to make against the Fermiers Généraux, which would restore hundreds of millions to the public treasury. Access was at once given him to the papers he pointed out, and amongst them he found my own correspondence with the office respecting his defalcation. For this reason he had denounced me. My companions had persuaded themselves that, as he had succeeded in his main object with reference to his own crime, he would cease to persecute them. They boasted that they had a complete answer to every charge that could be made against them, and that they could await their trial with safety. After four years of revolution these worthy men were still in this state of ignorance and delusion as to the "trials" of that time and the violence of political passions. I sought not to shake their confidence, but I could not share it. I felt that as long as power remained in the hands of men necessarily timid, suspicious, and therefore cruel, who could only replenish their treasury by confiscation, the best chance of safety was in the multitude of their victims and the lassitude of their instruments; that to attempt a defence was to accelerate the universal solution by death; and that in so frightful an epidemic the chief resource was not to expose myself to the contagion. With these views, I merely begged those who took any interest in me to leave me to my fate.'

Some of the Fermiers Généraux had proposed to sacrifice their fortunes, thinking—with truth—that they were chiefly obnoxious by their wealth; but the proposal was rejected—because its acceptance might have looked like an acknowledgment of injustice in the charges that had been pressed upon them. This, however, led to inquiry as to the amount of property they could have collected. It turned out that these 32 Fermiers Généraux, descending from opulent financial families, and who were accused of having robbed the State of two or three hundred millions, could scarcely have raised *twenty-two millions* amongst them, including their entire property of every sort, if their lives could have been saved at that price. It barely amounted to a capital of 27,000*l.* sterling a piece. Some of them were so reduced as to be obliged to borrow a pittance for their prison meal. Their courage continued unshaken, even when their danger became more palpable; and they defended themselves from every aspersion on their honour with so much ability, that the Convention was at last compelled to decree (6th of May, 1794), that *they had put the Republic in peril, because some of their agents had been suspected, in 1789, of selling damp tobacco*. The decree wound up by sending to *the Revolutionary Tribunal* the members of this conspiracy.

‘The illustrious Lavoisier was first informed of the edict—and he had the courage to announce it to the rest. All were by this time so detached from life and human affairs that they gave the same answer: “We had foreseen it—we are prepared.” I never doubted that I should share the fate of the Fermiers Généraux, as I had shared their arrest, and I was not appalled by the aspect of death. But I confess I was not equally firm when I thought of the moments which would precede it. From two to four o’clock every day we heard the shouts of the mob insulting the victims as they passed to execution. Full of the horror of such an end, dying on the scaffold amidst the execrations of the populace, I will even confess that in conjunction with another captive I had procured opium. We confided our secret to Lavoisier, and offered him a share of our poison. With a moral dignity, equal to his great attainments, this eminent man rejected the proposal. “Nous donner la mort,” said he, “ce serait absoudre les forcénés qui nous y envoient. Pensons à ceux qui nous ont précédés; ne laissons pas un moins bon exemple à ceux qui nous suivent.”

‘A few minutes later, the Municipality of Paris, escorted by gendarmes, and accompanied by covered vehicles, arrived to consign the prisoners to the tribunal. They were all drawn out before the wicket, and taken by four at a time to each carriage. The turnkeys were all in tears. In about an hour twenty-four of our unfortunate companions had left the prison, the gaoler watching with obvious compassion each departure, whilst the municipal officers were drinking and shouting in his room. I was standing with the eight Fermiers Généraux who remained, for my turn came after them, being *the thirty-third on the list*, when the gaoler said to me in a low voice “Go in—you are not wanted here.” I had only time to cast a glance at those I was leaving, and to see them smile at the hope of my deliverance. The door was shut upon me, and I was in solitude. What a solitude was that of a prison in which I was to survive thirty-two innocent men! I remained in a state of stupor. It was midnight when the gaoler again approached me. He was just returned from the Committee of Public Safety, where he had given his account of the clearance of the prison, but without naming me. He omitted me there, as he had done in the yard of the prison, because the decree only designated the Fermiers Généraux. Some good action, he said, was necessary to console him for so *many others*. I hardly thanked him, or understood what he said. The next day there was still danger; an inquiry had been made about me. All the following night I heard but one carriage pass, for carriages were rare at that time in Paris. I thought it was coming to the prison, and half unconsciously groped to the door which separated me from the sleeping-room of the gaolers. One of them said, “That is Fouquier Tinville, going to prepare to-morrow’s work with Robespierre. He seldom passes so late.” The very name and object of those men increased the gloom of my thoughts. The next morning I knew that my unfortunate comrades were before the tribunal which would pronounce their fate. At two o’clock, on the 8th of May, I hear a voice on the stairs, and the step of gendarmes. Four of them
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enter the prison, and behind them three other men, whom I scarcely recognized, but who fell fainting into my arms. They were the sole survivors, who had been saved by some lucky accident; but they had left their fathers and brothers at the foot of the scaffold, and their own agony lasted many hours after they were restored to me. Soon afterwards eighty fresh prisoners were thrust into our small cell, but the same compassionate gaoler removed us to another chamber in the Hôtel des Fermes, though not within the prison-part of it. He even pointed out to us a small door of escape in case of necessity. At the end of July, the day of deliverance approached. We heard the *générale* beaten, and the conflict of the 9 Thermidor between the Convention and the Municipality of Paris, headed by Robespierre. On the 28th of July we knew the result—and on the 2nd of August I was free.'—i. 174.

The interval between his escape from the Reign of Terror and his return to office under the First Consul, may be briefly passed over. He relinquished his manufactory. He lost his father. He wound up his small patrimonial fortune. He early discovered in Buonaparte (to him personally unknown) the future master of the distracted and disgusted nation; but as the young General of the Italian campaign betook himself to Egypt in order to leave another year for the execution of his political designs, Mollien, with a characteristic difference of taste, found means to visit England by passing through Holland, and studied on the spot what was of most interest to himself, namely, the effects of the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1797. He travelled alone, with no companion but his old favourite Adam Smith in his pocket, and he relates nothing of the incidents of his journey; but the effect of it was lasting. He formed a just conception of the nature of English credit; he comprehended the doctrine of the Sinking Fund, as far certainly as it was understood by its authors, perhaps rather more deeply. Though thoroughly French in his predilections, M. Mollien early arrived at many of those principles which nearly forty years of peace have gradually applied to the intercourse of the world; and he returned to his country prepared, at least, to combat some of the delusions of its rulers, and to restore that order which the Revolution had entirely effaced from its public accounts.

The state of the finances of France at the close of 1799 was appalling. The customs hardly covered the expense of collection; and the duties on the registration of sales were reduced to the low returns on the transfers of national property. Traffic was stopped by an enormous impost, said to be for the repair of the roads, which, however, remained impassable, whilst the fund hardly paid

the expenses of collection. The treasury was exhausted, and the land-tax so ill assessed that it absorbed the proceeds of the national domains still in the market. Assignats had been succeeded by all sorts of irregular paper currency—by mortgages converted into script under the title of *cédules hypothécaires*—a scheme, by the way, which has just been revived by some of the financial advisers of Louis Napoleon; by bills or drafts, with no fixed dates of payment, on the public purse; and by other forms of accommodation, which passed at from 50 to 80 per cent. discount on the market, but which the treasury issued at par, having nothing else to give. The funded debt had undergone a regular bankruptcy to the amount of eighty millions sterling, by the reduction of the capital and interest on the national debt from 100 to $33\frac{1}{3}$. Yet in a few months after the establishment of the Consulate, the new Finance Minister, Gaudin, had restored something like regularity to this shattered system. Gaudin applied at once to Mollien to assist him; for they had both served in the treasury, though in different departments, before the revolution. Under his auspices Mollien again entered the public service—and shortly afterwards he attracted the personal notice of the First Consul, who becomes from that moment the prime subject of these reminiscences.

The career of Napoleon has been described in fifty histories and a hundred memoirs; but Mollien has drawn his portrait neither in the imperial robes nor in military uniform. The object of these volumes is to preserve a minute and accurate record of his administrative faculties, especially in Mollien's own department, and to show with what an amazing combination of versatile talent and solid industry the French Empire was constructed and governed by Napoleon:—

‘Everything in that vast structure was his own; he was the pivot on which the whole revolved; every act of his life, every line from his pen, betrayed his incessant vigilance lest one iota of power should escape him. His attention was ever ready to turn from the grandest enterprises and the highest interests of the State to the smallest details of administration or police, and to the most minute calculations on the outlay of a parish vestry or even of a family in which he took an interest. He had an insatiable desire to be the centre of everything—the sole principle of motion and activity throughout his dominions. Such an organization as his was will probably not soon occur in any other man; but what is still more certain is, that if Napoleon were now to rise entire from his tomb, he would not succeed in repeating his reign.’—i. 40.

Il ne parviendrait pas à se recommencer is a significant warning to those who have allowed themselves to imagine that, to renew
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the Empire, it is enough to dispose of the force of an army and the illusions of the common people, and on such grounds to hope for a permanent sway in the absence alike of genius—of glory—and of *Molliens*.

The first appointment which Mollien held under the Consular government was that of manager of the Caisse d'Amortissement—a fund destined to buy up, at the current price, a certain amount of *rentes*. In the eyes of the public this post was a species of comptrollership of the funds, which enabled its lucky possessor to make *honnêtement* the largest fortune in France. In the eyes of Mollien himself it was, as the result showed, an imperfect and inadequate contrivance;—though, as the five per cents. were then at 30, the State seemed to make an excellent investment in buying up its own securities at that price—he perceived the short-sightedness of its speculating on the depreciation of its own engagements. But to the First Consul the Caisse d'Amortissement represented his own power over the Exchange, and it was the instrument of a puerile illusion, which he inflexibly retained—that a government ought always to be prepared, by artificial means, to support the price of the funds, or, as it is termed in 'Change Alley, to 'rig the market.' The following detail of what took place on Mollien's first interview with Buonaparte, exhibits alike his already imperial presumption and the superficiality of his acquaintance with these subjects:—

'He had requested Consul Lebrun to conduct me to Malmaison. I received the command with some nervousness, which, however, entirely left me (though not from increased confidence in myself) when I found myself in the presence of this imposing personage. The conversation lasted two hours, in the presence of Cambacérès and Lebrun, who said nothing. I wrote down what had passed on my return home in the evening of the same day.

'The First Consul began by telling me that his intention in establishing the Caisse d'Amortissement had been to make it the comptroller of the prices of the public securities.—I replied, "General, if the five per cents. which were at 10 fr. about twenty months ago are now between 40 and 50 fr., it is certainly not to the Caisse d'Amortissement that this improvement is due."—"But has not the change in the last fifteen months led to a general hope of progressive amelioration in the country, and is not this progress the interest of every good citizen?"—"General, every speculator, on the Exchange and elsewhere, seems to me to follow his natural instinct in buying as cheaply as he can when he has to buy, and in selling as dear as he can when he has to sell."—"But is it not evident that those who speculate on the fall show very little confidence in *my government*?"—"Allow me to ask, Sir, whether any one can always speculate on the fall, and whether it is not an essential condition of all such bargains to be alternately seller and buyer, so that every one speculates on the rise when he sells, and on the

the fall when he buys?"—"But under a government which desires only the glory and prosperity of the country, as the rise in the public funds must naturally be progressive, there ought to be no speculation on the fall. Am I not to regard as disaffected persons men who, to lower the public funds, offer to sell large amounts of them at a price below the current price of the day, and men, I am told, who could not pay the whole price of the stock they profess to hold? Is not this to announce that personally they have no faith in the government; and is not the government to regard as its enemy whosoever declares himself to be so?"—"No doubt he who makes this calculation has formed an unfavourable opinion of some particular measure or event; but the occurrence of such an event is not altered because he speculates upon it. If he is wrong, he loses the difference; if he is right, his foresight may not be without advantage to the government itself. Such a man is in the position of one who in a gaming-house bets on the respective players without playing himself: such bets have no influence on the result of the game."—"You suppose, then,"—said the First Consul—"that the government should do nothing to support its credit, and therefore that the establishment you direct is a useless one."—"It is always honourable to a government to buy up its debts, provided it be done on public and equitable principles, as a merchant may pay his bills before they are due."—"I see the bearing of your comparison. You might also compare the recent state of the finances with what I have made them. All the mischief is not yet cured; but it will be the sooner cured the less criticism and opposition the government meets with. I know what takes place on the Bourse of Paris; and I judge men by their acts. I don't say they preach revolt there, but they give a wrong direction to public opinion, if not from party spirit, at least from some motive which is less creditable and not less dangerous. To have public opinion well directed the government must give the impulse, and that impulse must be everywhere the same. . . . Since you acknowledge that it is important to the character of a government that the price of the funds should steadily advance, the natural consequence of your admission is the right of police surveillance over those who, speculating on the variations of the market, are often interested in depressing it. The great order which governs the world ought to govern every part of the world: government is the central power of society, like the sun; other institutions must gravitate in their orbits round it. The government must therefore regulate their combinations, so that all concur in the maintenance of harmony. In the system of the world nothing is left to chance; in the system of society nothing must be left to individual caprice. I do not mean to interfere with any man's profession; but, as head of the present government of France, I ought not to tolerate this profession of stock-brokers, for whom nothing is sacred, and who for a trifling profit would sell the secrets and the honour of the government itself if they were in their power."—i. 262.

We spare our readers Mollien's sensible but somewhat prolix reply to these egregious fallacies, in which the notions of the
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First Consul on mercantile transactions are obviously subservient to his theory of absolute government. Mollien does not appear; however, to have made the most obvious as well as the most decisive answer—namely, that any means taken to force up the course of the funds artificially must eventually depress them, and that government interference to prevent sales at low prices would shake public credit, because one essential element in such securities is their constant convertibility. In fact, like most of Napoleon's resources of government, he was content to take a falsehood and a sham for reality, and he expected the world to do the same. To prevent the natural rise and fall of the funds is to fix the political weather-glass at 'set fair'—that is, to destroy the value of the instrument in order to make it an instrument of deception.

The conversation was broken off by the arrival of some despatches from Russia; but Mollien was desired to remain and dine. The party was small, and the Consul affected for a while to talk on indifferent topics; but about the middle of the dinner he touched on the questions of the morning, and brought out *as his own* some of the remarks Mollien himself had made just before—adding that it was absurd to prohibit what they had not the power to prevent, and that the Caisse d'Amortissement deserved to be increased and supported. Mollien was not insensible to this flattering proof of his growing influence, and he was struck with the singular alliance formed in the person of Buonaparte between the desire to command and the desire to please. On the main subject of this discussion, however, Napoleon was incorrigible. The price of the funds was a matter of as much personal vanity and solicitude to him as any part even of his own *military* administration. At a subsequent period of his reign, after Tilsit, the five per cents. had risen to 90. In 1808, the Spanish war lowered them to 80, and they were still falling, when he resolved, at any cost, to support the market at that price. In spite of the numerous demands on the treasury at that time thirty millions of francs were spent in this absurd attempt. The following letter to Mollien on the subject is curious. It is dated from Madrid, 15th Dec. 1808:—

'I see with pleasure that the five per cents. have not been below 80. I don't regret the thirty millions spent for this object; and if it cost as much more, I desire you to take care to keep up that price. The bank can take a large slice of these *rentes*, and the Caisse d'Amortissement can take more. They will get 6½ per cent. for their money. It is only by this means that the five per cents. can acquire value. Every man will know what he has in his pocket when he has no reason to fear that the five per cents. will fall below 80. I will hear of no excuse. Don't let the five per cents. fall below 80.

' Sur

‘ Sur ce, je prie Dieu qu’il vous prenne en sa sainte garde. — NAPOLEON.’—ii. 365.

The same efforts had been made at the time of the rupture of the peace of Amiens. The First Consul had evidently never considered that treaty as anything more than an attempt to convince Europe of his pacific intentions and his ability for civil government. But he was soon alarmed by the imprudent activity of French commercial enterprise abroad; he insinuated to Mollien that French merchants might insure their cargoes *in English insurance offices*; foreseeing, in his own mind, that the return voyage was by no means secure. Mollien immediately detected the impending rupture, from these guarded remarks; and his conviction was strengthened by the anxiety of Buonaparte to support the funds in the event of some panic which he did not describe. It was partly from the fear of a commercial crisis ensuing upon a fresh declaration of war that Mollien was ordered to revise the statutes of the Bank of France, which had been founded in 1800, and to place the credit of that establishment on the most secure basis. Nothing can be more masterly than the papers drawn up by Mollien on this subject; and to his lasting honour it must be recorded that the Bank of France has now weathered the storms of half a century by a strict adherence to those principles, and that it has displayed a strength and soundness of constitution unapproached by any other establishment in the country. Its system of accounts, likewise introduced by Mollien, is admirable; for through all the vicissitudes of the empire, of invasion, and of several successive revolutions, the Bank is every day able to ascertain with precision its real situation; and no undertaking of this nature has till now been conducted with greater ability and success. We say *till now*—because the events of the last few months exhibit both an influence exercised by government over the Bank which Napoleon himself would have disclaimed, and a wide departure from the correct and unalterable principles M. Mollien laid down. It is curious that this excellent system was established under the immediate pressure caused by the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and was specially intended to assist the interests of trade under that calamity. Napoleon endeavoured at the same time to keep up the funds, and for three days Mollien was ordered to hold the market at the cost of four million francs a-day, which the Treasury could ill spare. But so feeble a barrier was wholly insufficient. The funds fell ten per cent., and Napoleon acknowledged that he was beaten, but boasted that he had done what he could for trade. In truth, he had done nothing at all; and the money sacrificed, in spite of Mollien’s remonstrances, went into the pockets of the very class of speculators whom Napoleon abhorred.

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The period here described was that when the promises of the Consulate were transformed into the pagantry of the Empire. A mock Court rose upon the scene of the Revolution, and the society of Paris, so roughly dispersed ten years before, began to reassemble. France was once more a monarchy. We are witnessing in our day a similar transformation—but, whilst the piece is the same, the whole quality of the actors is different. Mollien's picture of Paris in 1804, though not extremely favourable to the new social elements the Revolution had thrown to the surface, might pass for a bitter satire of the state of official society in the capital of 1852; for, amidst all its heinous sins, the despotism of the uncle repressed every irregular passion with severity and punished every abuse of trust—that of the nephew sets an example of cynical indifference to public integrity and public decorum.

In spite, however, of the progress already made by the country, the state of its finances had seldom been more deplorable than at the outset of the second period of the war. In the years from 1803 to 1805 the navy had cost 440 millions instead of 210; and the war department, estimated at 630 millions, had risen to 809, leaving many debts still unpaid.

‘The treasury was literally exhausted, when, after two years spent in ruinous preparations without any result between France and her insular rival, two continental powers of the first order marched against us and threatened the most accessible part of our frontiers. Such was this exhaustion of the treasury, that Napoleon was only able to form what he called the chest of his *grande armée* out of a few millions of his personal savings. The contractors, whose accounts were all in arrear, raised their terms as they found themselves more necessary to the Government. To provide the means of moving an army of 100,000 men from the coast of Picardy to the heart of Bavaria, it had been necessary to assist the principal contractors, who, for want of any other means, had taken 10 millions of national domains in part payment. The Bank was assailed with demands for the reimbursement of its notes, because it had discounted too freely, and had been drawn on by the bankers who, under the name of *faiseurs de service*, assisted its operations. All the symptoms of a speedy and terrible crisis were perceptible before Napoleon started for Germany.

‘M. de Marbois, then Minister of the Treasury, had doubtless perceived the evil; and Napoleon was still more aware of it, but he saw and sought no remedy but in victory. I remember that a short time before his departure, seeing me on his way to the theatre at St. Cloud, he came up and said, “The finances go on ill—the bank is in distress. *It is not here that I can set things to rights.*” That same night he started to join the army. I understood but too well the meaning of those words. I saw that his fate and that of France was again to be risked upon the fortune of war, and I considered with alarm what might

might be the consequences of defeat, or even of tardy success.¹
—i. 410.

After Napoleon's departure, the difficulties of the Bank increased, and the Council of Regency was constantly occupied with means of dispersing the crowd which demanded payment of its notes. No complete suspension took place, but the payment went on so slowly that public confidence was shaken; the notes ceased to circulate freely, and fell to 10 discount. Mollien firmly defended the sound principles of banking, with which he alone seemed conversant. But in reply to his observations the Cabinet resolved to disperse the claimants *by force*, as seditious groups, and to pay a small portion of the notes every day at each of the *mairies*. No attempt was made to procure bullion from abroad, and the crisis had been becoming every day more formidable, when it was terminated by the battle of Austerlitz, which restored confidence to the nation and enabled the bank to resume its regular payments.

But though the immediate danger appeared to be averted, Mollien was not to be imposed upon by the assistance which military triumphs can render to financial affairs; and, in his view, these victories attacked the fundamental principles of public prosperity, because they attacked the property of nations. If Austerlitz was won, Trafalgar was lost; and whilst the French standard floated on the towers of Vienna, the ports of France were closed against all commercial intercourse on both her seas. The troops brought back glory; but left undying resentment behind them. For whilst their Chief had adopted (and improved) the most modern combinations of strategy, he retained the rudest notions of antiquity on the rights of conquest. The armies he led were the armies of a Revolution which had declared war to all property at home and to all governments abroad; and he never learnt in that school the slightest respect for either the sovereigns or the nations he combated. He fancied that Paris could be enriched, like Rome, by the tributes of every other people, and that he could thus weaken the power and influence of the princes who were compelled to buy his contemptuous forbearance. But eighteen centuries had elapsed since Rome had subdued the world by a policy which rendered her hostility so terrible and her alliance so onerous. The wealth of those days consisted in the treasures of barbaric kings, and the loss of that wealth was ruin to their dreams of defence and independence. In our times the exchange of mutual services conduces far more to the happiness and greatness of a State than the ravages of mutual destruction. The exploits of violence are superseded by the law of duration,
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for *preservation* and *increase* are the moral law of the civilized world. In the midst, therefore, of the enthusiasm which the great achievements of Napoleon kindled in the pride of France, those who were disposed to investigate the real benefits of so much victory and glory were wont to reflect that whole nations could not be chafed with impunity in their property and their honour, and that it was dangerous to give a national character to the sting of defeat. Already they discerned the gigantic plan of the French empire, whose grandeur did not disguise its danger. The marvellous man who had risen so rapidly to the highest degree of power, and terminated the convulsions of the French Revolution, had transferred its violence and instability to the thrones of Europe. Yet these critics were not hostile to the new government—they desired its duration, and they served its interests—for such were the opinions Mollien himself entertained—and it is a remarkable circumstance that in the heart of the Imperial Government such views were deliberately formed.

On the 26th January, 1806, Napoleon returned to Paris in the night. Scarcely allowing his ministers time to congratulate him on the result of the campaign, he summoned a Council of Finance for eight o'clock the next morning. 'We have more serious things,' said he, 'to talk about. It seems the chief interests of the State were not in Austria. Let us hear the report of the Treasury.' The crisis was indeed extraordinary. Pressed by increasing embarrassments, M. Barbé Marbois, then Minister of the Treasury, had been reduced to accept ~~terms~~ offered by a company which had been formed to take the chief military and naval contracts, and at the head of which was the notorious Ouvrard. This company had agreed to discount Treasury bills at 9 instead of 12 per cent.—but, as the demands of the State continually augmented, it had entered into a convention with the Court of Madrid for all the gold and silver which the war caused to be retained in Mexico. The Spanish Government had handed over to them upwards of 100 millions of francs in bills payable in the American colonies, and they had substituted some of these bills of the Madrid treasury on Havana and Vera Cruz for the bonds of French *receveurs généraux* which they held. Some advances had also been made to Spain in cash, and the French minister found himself obliged to support the credit of Ouvrard's company to avoid a crash that would have aggravated the position of the Bank. At this point in the report Napoleon broke forth—

"They have deceived you. They have imposed on your integrity, which I don't question. These men who have promised you the treasures of Mexico, how have they more power or skill than the ministers of Spain to cross the sea which is in the hands of the English? They

They have gained the confidence of Spain by making over to them funds subtracted from the treasury of France. It is we, who are subsidizing Spain instead of drawing from her what she owes us. But the plot is divulged; let us interrogate in person its authors."

'The order was given to introduce the two *faisceaux de service*, or managers of the company—also the clerk in the treasury who had been specially entrusted with this negotiation—and who, by the way, had received a million as a gratuity, which he was afterwards compelled to refund. They entered, but the scene which ensued is beyond my powers of description. It was a thunderstorm falling for an hour on those three unsheltered heads. The first of them burst into tears. The treasury clerk stammered forth excuses. The third, Ouvrard himself, stood like a rock, without uttering a syllable—but his attitude seemed to say that nothing is more transient than a tempest, and that it must be endured. None of them could be much more impatient for the end of it than I was.'—i. 436.

The deficiency caused by Ouvrard's operations was estimated by the minister at 70 millions; it amounted in reality to twice that sum. M. Barbé Marbois was dismissed, and Napoleon insisted on Mollien's accepting that same day the office of Minister of the Treasury. It may here be added, that the very first duty he had to perform was to compel Ouvrard and his accomplices to disgorge their booty. The Court of Spain acknowledged 60 millions of the debt, and of the remaining 82 millions a large portion was obtained by the seizure of their private property, of their stores of all kinds, and by cancelling the debts due to them by the State. It is a singular circumstance that, by interesting two great houses in London and Amsterdam in the recovery of the Spanish bills on Mexico, piastres to the amount of three-fifths of the debt were embarked at Vera Cruz on board an *English frigate*, and brought to Europe in reality for the French exchequer. Mollien was entirely free from the vulgar prejudices so common in his time, and not wholly eradicated in our own, as to the scarcity of bullion being the cause of the embarrassments of the treasury. His predecessor had been duped by the idea of bringing over new piastres from Mexico, for it was in those days an article of commercial faith that pressure on the money-market arose altogether from the want of the precious metals which the war imprisoned in the Mexican ports. In the eyes of the new Paymaster-General the credit of the State depended far more on the moderation, good faith, and punctuality of the Government than on a casual importation of the precious metals.

Contrary to the opinion of his ministers, Napoleon persisted in dividing the functions of the Treasury, which are usually held to be inseparable. By the system he had established, Gaudin (Duc de Gaëte), as Minister of Finance, was charged with all
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that related to raising the revenue; and Mollien, as Minister of the Treasury, with all that related to spending it. Fortunately these two men were united by old friendship as well as community of opinions, and they continued for nine years to act with close and unbroken harmony, which could alone have rendered such an arrangement practicable. Mollien's immediate task was a heavy one. He found drafts on the ministerial departments to the amount of nearly 30 millions on which payment had been postponed. The pay of the army then in France was about 15 millions in arrear—and the deficit of the last five years was 100 millions—all this besides the frightful gap caused by Ouvrard's bankruptcy: in fine, some 200 millions were required to enable the treasury to pay its way. But the manner in which the public accounts were kept was still more extraordinary. The first cashier of the treasury, through whose hands these transactions with the *faiseurs de service* had passed, did not suspect the existence of this enormous debt, and Mollien had to place the whole system of accounts on a new footing. We cannot ask our readers to accompany us through the technical detail of his operations:—but in this respect these volumes constitute, we are satisfied, one of the most masterly expositions of financial administration to be found in any language. His measures may be judged of by their results. Before the end of 1806 the funds had again risen from 56 to 64; the rate of discount had fallen from 12 per cent. to .6 or 7; the arrears in every department were paid off; arrangements were made to extinguish the deficit of preceding years; and the treasury resumed a more regular position without making any encroachment on its future resources. These successful measures were not, indeed, due to Mollien alone—though we suspect that his modesty assigns to Napoleon a larger share of merit in them than the Emperor really deserved. For, throughout the copious correspondence quoted and analyzed, we hardly find an instance in which the views of the sovereign were not gradually modified and corrected by the good sense and scientific accuracy of his minister, and in most of these discussions the Emperor seems to have allied egregious ignorance to extreme presumption.

‘It would indeed have been difficult for any of the ministers of Napoleon not to communicate their plans to him, which were always minutely discussed before they received his final sanction; for though he left to them the choice of means of execution, he chose that every improvement should seem to be his own work. His sudden elevation rendered it a matter of policy with him to delegate as little as possible of his public authority, so as to remain always and everywhere the man of necessity. Napoleon carried on long and divers corre-
spondences.’

spondences. If they were all collected it would be incredible that any single man could have sufficed to do so much; and in each of them he proved that he entered into every subject and every circumstance as if he had nothing else to think of, adapting all rules and principles to his own paramount interest in forcing the most opposite elements to combine in his system. But in these correspondences none proves more thoroughly the patience with which he investigated the most arid details, than that which he carried on with myself. It is perhaps the most singular *polémique de chiffres* that ever existed. I frequently in the early period of my ministry received letters of many pages, solely intended to analyze long calculations, to investigate statements, to divide statistics, and to present the same results under other forms. The principal object of these discussions was to keep all his chief servants in perpetual distrust of themselves and of their subordinates: he had no longer to dispute the superiority of power, but he disputed with every one the superiority of attainment.—vol. ii. p. 42.

It may be well to cite briefly a few specimens of these letters, despatched *in a single day*, just before the Prussian campaign:—

‘I send you the documents relating to the loan for the kingdom of Naples. I have informed you for what purpose this loan is to be made. It deserves consideration.’ (St. Cloud, 19th Sept., 1806.)

‘Eight hundred thousand francs are wanted at St. Domingo. Contrive to send them, so that this sum may be realised in the colony.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘I place extraordinary funds at the disposal of the Minister at War, for the most pressing services of his department on the frontier of Germany.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘I have read your report. My intention is not to diminish the army of Italy at this time. Send them 1,500,000 frs., not immediately wanted in the treasury of Piedmont, and let me know if the operation will cost anything.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘Explain to me the accounts of the paymaster of the forces in Italy on the contributions raised during the last war on the frontiers of the Austrian provinces. They are stated at 1,700,000; they were more. The expenses are not classed. I find an item, “military subsistence, 3,440,000 frs.” I don’t understand this manner of reckoning our estimates. This sum must be divided amongst the bakers, the meat, the forage, &c.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘Give orders to send 500,000 frs. in gold to the army of Naples; to be charged to the account of its pay.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

Nor was this astonishing fecundity of details at all arrested by the operations of active war. The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October, 1806; on the 25th Napoleon was at Potsdam, and continued his correspondence:—

‘The Prince de Neufchâtel has sent for 2,000,000 frs. from the military chest at Mayence, to use them as they may be wanted. If there

there be only 1,500,000 frs. still at Mayence, that is not enough—15,000,000 *à la bonne heure*; take your measures so as to have always four months' pay of my army in cash at Mayence.' (Potsdam, 25th Oct., 1806.)

'Send 500,000 frs. in gold to the army of Naples; you can take it from the reserve at Turin.' (Potsdam, 25th Oct., 1806.)

'I am told the allowances of the Guard are not paid. Send for Colonel Arrighi and pay instantly what is due to the two regiments of fusiliers and dragoons which are to join me.' (Berlin, 2nd Nov., 1806.)

'You state that 25,000,000 frs. from the sale of cuttings in the woods, which are included in the budget of 1806, will not be realised till 1807. Take the money on bills from the *receveurs généraux* out of the fund of foreign contributions for 1806, which can spare it in cash or in short bills. The public treasury will pay interest to the fund at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per mensēm.' (Berlin, 4th Nov., 1806.)

'Here we are at the 15th of November. Send me the schedule of remittances to the several departments of the ministry for next month: and tell me how we stand with Spain, and the piastres she owes.' (Berlin, 14th Nov., 1806.)

'I desire you to keep 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 frs. at Strasburg, and eight months' pay for the army, at the rate of 3,000,000 a month, always at Mayence, in cash, as a sacred deposit: then, whatever happens, I may consider my army paid. Otherwise, if another event occurred like Ouvrard's affair last year, or any disaster happened to render bills less negotiable, the pay of the army might be compromised. However, as I am master of Prussia and of all Westphalia, I shall get in some money, and there is no longer cause for uneasiness.' (Berlin, 16th Nov., 1806.)

'The delay in the Spanish payments is very alarming: let me know if they have done anything since the 29th of October.' (Berlin, 24th Nov., 1806.)

(The same day a long letter directing the form in which the budgets of the empire are to be drawn.)

'Any treaty which will facilitate the recovery of the piastres is to be accepted. I don't want to trade, but only to get back our own money. I authorise you to conclude any treaty for this purpose.' (Posen, 6th Dec., 1806.)

'The English threaten to confiscate the funds of French holders of British securities. Could we not take precautions to prevent transfers from our securities to theirs? This is a very delicate matter. I do not choose to set the example, but if the English do it, I must retaliate.' (Posen, 15th Dec., 1806.)

To this last intimation Mollien replied that he did not believe it, because it was contrary to the policy of England; but that he should be delighted if England committed such a blunder, which
France

France might render more injurious to her *by refusing to do the same*. He fortified this opinion by sending to Napoleon the wise and able paper by the American minister, Hamilton, which demonstrates that policy and morality not only forbid a government to confiscate property lent to it by the subjects of a hostile power, but even to suspend the payment of interest on it: and Napoleon dropped the subject.

It was about this time that Mollien undertook the complete reform of the mechanism of the public accounts, and founded the *Cour des Comptes*, whose methodical operations have continued ever since to control the whole expenditure of France. But the complexity of the accounts of the French Empire far exceeded that of any State that ever existed. It extended at that time from Illyria to Spain, and from Naples to Hamburgh. It had to provide for armies on the Tagus, in Calabria, and on the Niemen. It supplied the pensions of the imperial family and the allowances to vassal kings; for, after the treaty of Bayonne, even the Spanish Bourbons were dependent on it for support; and Napoleon basely evaded the payment of the income he had himself allotted to Charles IV. and his family when he robbed them of the throne. It had to regulate the public debt of recently annexed countries, which sometimes became, as in Holland, a matter of extreme difficulty. As the embarrassments caused by this enormous extension of power and military occupation increased, the labours of the Treasury became more onerous. The Spanish war had cost at the end of 1810 nearly 220,000,000 frs., including the cost of magazines and equipments of the army: the mere transmission of the necessary funds under convoy to the different corps d'armée in the Peninsula, where they were everywhere liable to be cut off by guerillas, became a task of immense difficulty; and, with singular absurdity, Napoleon ordered that 200,000 francs should be despatched every month from Bayonne *in copper money*, not reflecting that such a sum would amount to several tons of metal, to be carried over tracks impassable for carriages.

Meanwhile the continental system, intended by Napoleon to complete the ruin of England, weighed with far greater severity on France and on her tributaries throughout Europe than it did on ourselves. Mollien never countenanced the harsh measures which that detestable invention rendered necessary; and he early perceived its suicidal folly:—

‘ Throughout Europe the most violent complaints were raised by the injury inflicted on all the rights of industry—for industry has become in our time a second property, more intelligent, more active, and more sensitive than the former one. French manufactures were crushed by the aggravated rigour of the prohibitive system. England

no doubt suffered also, but she remained mistress of the ocean—she commanded all raw material at a low price, and she levied a tax on the raw material she allowed the continental consumer to receive. Heligoland, Jersey, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and Spain were filled with her contraband traders; for England made war in the spirit of modern improvement; Napoleon in the spirit of antiquity: and there are times at which an anachronism is a mortal error. Twenty thousand douaniers on the frontiers of the empire had to defend the territory against one hundred thousand smugglers, more active than themselves, and more favoured by the population; so that the chances in favour of the contraband trade were as 80 to 20. Nay, the Emperor had himself increased the evil by his additional duties of 30, 40, or 50 per cent. on colonial produce, from which even the American vessels were not exempted. Hence the price of colonial produce was sometimes quadrupled, and the taxes of the French customhouse were an additional premium on the monopoly of England. The increase in the prices of raw material, and the want of improvement in machinery, discouraged the manufacturing interest. The export trade in French commodities had fallen off by one-half since 1810, and prices had also fallen 50 per cent. Napoleon himself seemed at length to acknowledge that commercial interests had a power with which it was necessary to come to terms. He would not recede; that was contrary to his nature. He did not despair of reducing British trade, he said, in a few months to its last shilling; but he endeavoured to impose on the French traders as he had imposed on himself, and it was by pecuniary advances from the government that he attempted to purchase their silence, imagining that a few loans would satisfy their wants.'

His first scheme had been to compel the Bank of France to advance money on the bills of all traders, reputed solvent, throughout France, at 4 per cent. This was demolished by Mollien in a masterly paper on the theory of discount; to which the Emperor submitted. A second project was to create an immense *mont de piété*, to make advances to trade on the deposit of goods—and Napoleon proposed to devote 30 millions to this purpose. He again gave way, however, on Mollien's representing that, in the event of these loans not being repaid, it would be necessary for the State to sell the goods, which must not only ruin the borrowers, but depress the whole market. He resolved at last to make an advance of 1,500,000 frs. to a mercantile house at Amsterdam, and another at Paris, on good security. In the following year (1811) this precedent became known. A second request for a similar sum arrived, then another, and at length they poured in by hundreds from all parts of France. Still Mollien, who disapproved the whole proceeding, was condemned to find funds for this insatiable demand. The government were threatened with disturbances in the faubourgs and the manufacturing towns if they did not yield: and they yielded. A million was

sent down to Amiens, to be advanced by instalments of 20,000 frs. a day ; two millions were spent at Rouen, St. Quentin, and Ghent. These operations were conducted with secrecy, and in some instances they enabled the manufacturers to escape impending ruin : but upwards of eighteen millions had been spent by the Treasury in lending money to men who could borrow nowhere else, and whose commercial existence was barely prolonged by the assistance they received.

‘ It is difficult to conceive how Napoleon, with his lofty and incontestable penetration, failed to perceive the singular contradiction into which he fell by persisting in his continental blockade at the very time he was acknowledging by these advances to trade that the system caused his ruin—placing himself in the dilemma of either exhausting the treasury and the privy purse (if he attempted to indemnify trade for its losses), or (if he confined his liberality to a small class of traders) of augmenting the complaints of those whom he had not relieved. Yet it must be confessed the fault was not his alone. Never since the commencement of the long commercial hostility of France and England, which broke out with fresh fury after the truce of 1787 [Mr. Pitt’s treaty], never had the frenzy of prohibitive laws been more universal or more popular than in 1800, when Napoleon took the helm. There seemed to be a common interest between the traders, who never thought the customs laws severe enough against England, and the Treasury, which still hoped to increase its receipts by excessive duties. The advisers of Napoleon on commercial matters were all traders and ultra-prohibitionists. After the rupture of the treaty of Amiens—which was not a treaty of peace and still less a treaty of commerce—these hostile measures went on in an increasing degree between the two nations. It must be confessed that our restrictions on the liberty of the Continent, because England refused liberty to our ports, were an injustice the more irritating because it could not be accomplished ; but, with the exception of a few persons whom he never consulted on the subject, those about the Emperor constantly endeavoured to keep up his illusions. He was always reading reports that all nations were sighing for the liberty of the seas, and that he was to break the yoke of British monopoly. When the English paid for their supplies from abroad in money, he was persuaded that *British capital* was *migrating* from that *inhospitable soil* to France. He was persuaded that cotton could grow in Naples, and tobacco in Alsatia. He lived, in short, under constant delusions of this nature. Yet, if we consider how long the Continental System lasted, and the perturbation it caused in all the usages and results of trade, it was certainly the most extraordinary *coup d’état* ever attempted ; and I know not which is most surprising, the daring of its authors, or the submission of all the interests ag-grieved by it.’—iii. 318.

Although Count Mollien (for he had now received this title), in spite of a clear perception of Napoleon’s errors, yielded to
no

no one in fidelity to his service, any more than in admiration of his genius, he does not appear to have been at any time dazzled by his fortune or overpowered by his authority. Napoleon himself paid him the highest compliment that absolute power can pay to the sagacity of a minister by silently acquiescing in his views and adopting them towards third parties as his own. Mollien's influence was strictly limited to the business of his own department, and he took no part in the general policy of the government, for whose pecuniary wants he was continually called upon to provide:—but, nevertheless, he was not unfrequently selected as the depositary of opinions entertained by the most moderate party in the Imperial councils. Thus in 1809, when Paris was literally thronged with tributary kings, and the sovereign houses of Germany seemed allied to the upstart sovereigns of Naples, Spain, and Westphalia, Eugène Beauharnois had the sense and penetration to say to Mollien:—

“The Emperor is mistaken on the state of Europe. Perhaps these sovereigns, who owe an extension of territory to his support, are themselves mistaken in the disposition of their subjects. But the nations of Europe are not mistaken as to this new dominion exercised over them by one people, or rather by one man. They will never be our allies in good faith, these nations whose defeat is our glory, and whose misfortunes are our success. They were already humiliated by defeat and by tribute: they are more humiliated now by seeing their own sovereigns summoned to the capital of the conqueror to adorn his triumph. But the humiliation of nations bears sooner or later a harvest of vengeance. I fear nothing, indeed, as yet for France; but if I like war it is for the sake of peace, and I see no lasting peace for the world.”

‘Such was the language of the wisest and most faithful adherent of Napoleon in his own family, at a time when there was but one sentiment in France and in her new dependencies—universal submission. And it is the more honourable to Prince Eugène that he had the courage to hold pretty nearly the same language to Napoleon himself.’—iii. 79.

The state of voluntary self-delusion, which was necessary to the maintenance of Napoleon's system, increased, year after year, with the increase of his difficulties. In spite of what he considered his searching analysis of the finances, he laboured not so much to arrive at the truth as to convert a deficiency into a surplus by complex calculations and unfathomable arithmetic. His mind, unshaken by the ruinous outlay of the Spanish war, was already fixed in 1811 on the Russian campaign, which was to extend his domination from Madrid to Moscow; and he continued to thrust additional military estimates, to the amount of 60 millions, on the budget of the preceding year, evidently anticipating that the balance would be adjusted by the Russian tribute at the close of the war. In the secret discussion

of his financial resources which took place between Napoleon, the Duc de Gaëte, and Mollien, the latter represented the increasing embarrassments of the treasury, as no loans could be contracted, and at the first rumour of another war, public credit would be still further depressed. To this Napoleon replied with vivacity—

‘ “ If I am compelled to undertake another war, it will certainly be for some great political interest: but *it will also be in the interest of my finances*. Have I not always restored them by war? Was it not thus that Rome conquered the riches of the world? ”

‘ I quote the Duc de Gaëte as witness of this extraordinary declaration with myself. I quote the incident as a proof of the strange blunders into which the intoxication of power may lead the most powerful minds. From that moment I held the power of Napoleon to be seriously in jeopardy.’

It was about this time that an occurrence took place which reveals a singular portion of the secret history of that ephemeral Court. Napoleon, who esteemed few people, never gave unlimited confidence to a human being: but if any one at all touched the springs of his affections it was Josephine. Nor did this interest cease after her divorce, though it was somewhat tried, and not very mildly expressed, when her extravagant habits continued to annoy him. Josephine had an allowance of three millions of francs (£120,000) when she retired to Malmaison, but before a year had elapsed she was again in debt. Napoleon then addressed to Mollien the following letter:—

‘ *Wesel, 1st November, 1811.*—It is proper that you should send secretly for the Empress Josephine’s intendant, and tell him confidentially that nothing will be paid him in future until he give proof that there are no debts: and as I will have no jesting on this matter, I shall hold him responsible. You will tell him that no payment will be made on the 1st January without a written certificate that there are no debts. I am informed that the expenses of this house are most irregular; you must therefore see this man, for it would be deplorable that the Empress Josephine should have debts instead of laying by two millions a year as she ought to do. Take an opportunity of seeing the Empress Josephine yourself, and hint to her that I expect her house to be managed with order, and that I shall be supremely displeased if it be not. The Empress Louise has 100,000 écus (12,000*l.*), and never spends that sum; she pays her bills once a week, goes without new gowns if that be necessary, and suffers privations to avoid having debts. The expenses of the Empress Josephine’s household ought not to exceed one million. If there are too many horses, cut them down. The Empress Josephine has children and grandchildren for whom she ought to lay by. *Sur ce, &c.*’

Mollien executed this task, and on receiving his report, Napoleon insisted still further on the savings to be made for her family, adding,

adding, that they ought not to depend on him alone, and then—for once in a somewhat broken voice—*Je suis mortel, et plus qu'un autre*. The Empress had cried on hearing these remonstrances, and complained that she could no longer pay pensions to some old soldiers, probably of the Royalist party. Napoleon said, 'You should not have made her cry, though. Give me the names of those officers; and tell her not to cry.' Yet how many tears this selfish and ungrateful man had cost that repudiated woman and the world!

The time at length arrived when the clouds which had been gathering on the horizon of Europe broke with all their fury on the presumptuous and infatuated ruler of France. The campaign of Moscow sent him home impoverished by defeat, not enriched by conquest; his army destroyed—the *prestige* of his name woefully tarnished. On his sudden return to Paris Mollien was one of the first persons he sent for. Not without anxiety and alarm did he enter the presence. But Napoleon received him with perfect serenity and self-possession—inquired eagerly for Madame Mollien, who had been dangerously ill—said he had travelled as uncomfortably as when he was a lieutenant of artillery, but that it did not signify—adverted to the Mallet conspiracy in Paris—and made no allusion either to the tremendous calamities of the still unfinished campaign or to the financial difficulties of Mollien's own department. The public were not entirely duped by this show of composure, for the bulletin of the Beresina had told the story of ruin, and every fresh arrival from the army increased the sense of horror and insecurity. But they hoped that so severe a lesson would not be lost on the Emperor, and that if he were again placed at the head of an army it would at last be to contend for peace.

Nothing in Buonaparte's career was more extraordinary than the energy he displayed during the winter of 1812-13. The cavalry had to be mounted, the artillery to be entirely re-organised, a great part of the infantry to be clothed, immense quantities of arms to be provided, munitions of war to be collected in all the fortresses; and the whole was to be done in six months. Strange to say the conscriptions were never more readily filled up than after the disastrous campaign of 1812. The country still supported him, and since he had fallen upon evil days, it was content to share them with him. The accusing voices of 1814 were not yet audibly heard; the defence of the territory was the prevailing sentiment, and Napoleon encouraged the self-devotion of the people by the hope of approaching peace. Immense levies were ordered. The financial measures resorted to in order to defray new and immoderate charges were startling. Thus Maret
proposed

proposed and his master sanctioned the appropriation by the State of all the common lands belonging to parishes throughout France, which were to be sold, and the *communes* to receive their value in the shape of funded capital. This project was expected to bring in 300 millions—which being forthwith spent by anticipation, the government was once more living on credit alone. It was an imitation by Napoleon of the revolutionary acts by which the Convention had begun the war. Mollien, in forcible terms, pointed out the defects of such a scheme, but the condition of the finances was already such that only the choice of bad means was left him. Yet no sooner did Napoleon find himself at the head of another army than he changed his tone—declaring that ‘to be worthy of herself France must abstain from pusillanimous desires; that her first object must be to avenge her offended glory; and that the only peace she could make was a peace extorted by new victories and recognizing all her former conquests.’ The difficulties he encountered seemed to surprise without instructing him. But his labours were enormous. The whole day was spent in warlike preparations—the night in administrative correspondence. Some of his letters to Mollien entered into the minutest calculations. One of them consisted of eight pages of figures. Even on his arrival at Mayence, to put himself at the head of the army in the field, he stopped several hours to investigate the accounts of the military chest on the frontier. Twelve days later he fought the battle of Lutzen with 85,000 men, and in three weeks* after 150,000 more had joined his standard. But his efforts and his hopes of securing the neutrality of Austria failed. The great coalition was formed in September, and in October the battle of Leipzig again annihilated the French army, and left Napoleon no resource but a hasty retreat on the Rhine.

Throughout this period, and indeed from the first reverses of the Russian campaign, the regular and punctual course of the administration of the Treasury was at an end; and Mollien, who invariably recognized in exact payment the test of strength and stability for a government, had already long before the disasters of 1814 made up his mind that the case of the Empire was desperate. When Marie-Louise retired to Blois he followed her, leaving the control of the Treasury to his friend and disciple Baron Louis, who was destined to render the most important services in that capacity to the future government of Louis XVIII. Mollien was sent for on the return from Elba, and, under a sense of personal obligation to his old master, did not refuse to resume the office he had filled with honour for nine years. But he has disdained to record in these *Memoirs* the fugitive occurrences of that feverish

feverish interval. When summoned to the Tuileries on that occasion he had formed a resolution to resist the proposal. Napoleon was alone when he entered the closet, and said, taking him by both hands, 'In this crisis you will not refuse to take your old place in the ministry.' To some complimentary remark on the miraculous success of his return, the Emperor replied, '*Mon cher, the time for compliments is over. Ils m'ont laissé arriver comme ils les ont laissés partir*'—an expression which proves the more correct estimate he had at length formed of the French character—his feeling, in short, that the vicissitudes of fortune to which he had himself accustomed that people must have prepared them for viewing with indifference any possible revolution—were it from the excess of freedom to the excess of servitude.

M. Mollien candidly acknowledges that as his principal object was to bequeath to the world a correct portrait of Napoleon, especially in those relations of life which fell under his own cognizance, so it is not without regret that he has recorded much to darken the fame of one who was to him an object not only of high intellectual admiration, but of grateful regard. He has steered clear of the servility of a Las Cases and of the malignity of a Bourrienne; and while others have depicted the policy and character of Napoleon from their personal motives of affection or of resentment, Mollien discusses them with reference to the fixed principles of public economy and of public morality, from which his own career never deflected. But though the narrator of these transactions has not sought to exalt his own penetration and experience at the expense of his master, and has displayed in a remarkable manner the versatility and application with which that extraordinary man governed his immense empire, he has entirely failed to raise our conception of Napoleon's real competency to deal with these abstruse subjects. In these pregnant volumes we have not met with a single idea originating with the Emperor himself on points of finance or political economy, which is not radically unsound. He seems to have thought on these matters as he did on the obligations of public morality, that a code of science and of duty could be framed to suit his own convenience, and that motives of State sufficed to cover every enormity. But he was eminently skilled in the choice of instruments, and his insatiable activity kept every department of the government in constant efficiency. The last mark of confidence he would bestow on those who really possessed it was the tacit adoption of their opinions, even when he had just before combated them. He was tolerant of contradiction when alone, but absolutely oracular when he held forth in the Council of State or in public. In reality he had no financial principles: the perpetual recurrence

recurrence of war, the continental blockade, and his own crude notions of public credit prevented the formation of such a system at any part of his reign; and the last extravagant and destructive years of the Empire shook and well nigh obliterated the advantages resulting from the methodical reforms of the Consulate. Admitting therefore the extraordinary military successes and political energy which had extended that vast dominion over Europe, M. Mollien has failed to show that it possessed those sound and practicable financial views which are inseparable from the stability of governments and the contentment of nations. His own administration of the Treasury was a long struggle against incoherent projects and reprehensible expedients; and the ground he was continually endeavouring to strengthen and consolidate, was as continually cut from beneath his feet by the exorbitant demands of the military and political departments. His official duties were rather fiscal than financial, and he never had the power or the opportunity of altering the great springs of taxation that pressed, and still press, so injuriously on the French nation. No alleviation could take place in the condition of the people—no safe or permanent extension could be given to trade; and at length war, which had been the principal source of this misery and pressure, was resorted to as the easiest mode of palliating them. Austerlitz and Moscow were the projects of an insolvent gambler. The daring expedient was successful in the one case and ruinous in the next; for as this whole system of credit was stimulated and kept alive by victory, it collapsed at once under defeat. We will not here detain our readers to apply to the politics of France in the present day, the analogies which these facts can hardly fail to suggest; but if similar embarrassments should drive President Buonaparte to similar enterprises, that is to the vulgar resource of foreign spoliation, there is, we fear, no Mollien in the councils of the Elysée to resist and correct such lawless and self-destructive tendencies. Under the imperial administration at least the spendthrift vices of the present government were unknown, and indeed no one would have repressed them with more severity than Napoleon himself.

Little remains to be said of the later years of Count Mollien's life, for his official career terminated with the final fall of his Emperor, and he closes his own narrative at that period. But though he held no office of public trust under the Bourbons, he was placed by Louis XVIII. in the Chamber of Peers, where he continued, until the latter part of the reign of Louis Philippe, to treat with great superiority, and with perfect consistency, the financial questions of the day. In private life he was respected for the sobriety of his judgments and the steadiness of his friendships;

friendships ; nor would his character have been complete without the charm which his unvarying conjugal affection shed over it. Well were it for France if, amongst her men of wit and her men of action, there were more possessed of the reflection and composure which these volumes attest ; or if, when such men are to be found, they were raised to a higher position in the State, so as to control the impulses of their countrymen. Sooner or later all governments are judged by their adherence to, or departure from, sound fixed principles ; and the Empire of Napoleon himself was, as this narrative proves, tainted with the mortal disorder of financial embarrassment in the midst of its most brilliant achievements. The welfare and stability of nations require more homely virtues, and more provident care ; of which qualities these volumes will perpetuate an honourable example and an unpretending picture. •

ART. V.—1. *Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord Cockburn. Edinburgh, 2 vols. 8vo. 1852.

2. *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. 8vo. 1844.

THIS Life seems a good deal too big for its subject, but that fault is redeemed by features of less common occurrence. Though the septuagenarian Judge apologizes for himself as a young author, his readers will detect few signs of inexperience. His narrative is on the whole clear ; shrewdness and sagacity mark many a sentence :—and a cordial affection relieves the exaggerated vein of eulogy in which it was perhaps inevitable that one Edinburgh Whig of the top flight would glorify another. Some wonder, no doubt, was excited by the announcement of the undertaking ; for among Lord Jeffrey's *eminent* intimates hardly any one had been so little thought of in connexion with literary matters as Lord Cockburn ; nor can we deny that the book presents a blank as to some subjects on which students of literature might have expected entertaining details. Jeffrey, we had always been told, conversed very freely on the topics which must have occupied the larger share of his attention—yet Cockburn has nowhere made the least attempt to give us an idea of his style of conversing on such topics. Of course the bulk of his notions must have found a voice in his Review ; but still a man does not talk to the public as he does to a friend, and there must be more in him, we imagine, than he ever puts upon

upon paper. As to some minor peculiarities, we cannot concur in criticisms that seem to be current. To say that many uses of words, and especially turns of phrase, are not English, is merely to say that Lord Cockburn himself is before us in every page. To ourselves these idioms, like the intensely local prejudices everywhere projected, are among the charms of the performance. They give it individuality and force. Smooth, correct writing is common enough. Earnest sentiment and unaffected diction will do their work, in spite of worse transgressions than can be laid to this door.

In his first volume he interweaves sundry extracts from Jeffrey's letters,—the second consists of a selection from them;—and we had already seen a good many in the *Memoirs of Horner*;—but it is evident, as might have been anticipated, that the most curious parts of the critic's correspondence have not yet been submitted to public view.

His early environments must have been in the main very like those familiarized to our readers by the accounts of Mackintosh, Scott, Campbell, and Horner. Old subjects, however, put on a new face when a new spectator is not afraid to give his own impressions: and after all, this is the first time that we have had the whole scene and system depicted by one of Jeffrey's immediate circle.

He was born in 1773, in an obscure corner of Edinburgh. His father, a solicitor, obtained ultimately a deputy-clerkship in the Court of Session—an office which, from some of the biographer's phrases (for he is usually above statistics), we must presume to have then been of slender emolument. Francis had one younger brother, John—a mild, calm creature, totally unlike himself, but always warmly loved by him—who spent the best years of his life in America under the wing of an uncle, long before settled there, and married to a sister of the famous John Wilkes. There were two sisters, both in due time respectably married; between whom and their brothers the most cordial affection is testified by the correspondence. The book leaves the impression of less agreeable relations between the father and his children. From a period not far subsequent to the death of their mother, which occurred when Francis was but thirteen, there appears to have been a growing discomfort. Lord Cockburn speaks of the old man as 'sensible and respectable,' but 'sour' and 'morose.' The sting comes behind—he was, it seems, a Tory. Owing his post to the Dundases, he was steady in his allegiance to that dynasty; and few things, we may believe, could have been more mortifying than certain early symptoms of liberalism in his bright son. It is probable that the younger branches adopted the views
of

of that oracle ; and thus, perhaps, the whole grievance may be explained. What no one can contest is, that, in spite of all disappointments and disagreements, this sulky clerk acted uniformly in a very generous style as to his boy's education.

His final abode and that with which his children's young recollections were all connected was in the very heart of Auld Reekie—the crowning story or flat of one of those towering edifices on the Lawnmarket—scarcely matched even in the ancient market-places of Leipzig or Vienna. To this *habitat* Francis had a warm attachment. In his early letters he often refers to the 'dear retired adored little window of the Lawnmarket garret :—' indicating equally, we feel, his tenderness towards his brother and sisters, and his satisfaction in the retrospect of many a midnight hour well spent in his own aerial citadel. About the last of the upper class who adhered to that vicinity was Boswell ; and once, in his ladhood, the future critic had personal intercourse with this distinguished neighbour. Returning home after a supper, he was serviceable in lifting Mr. Boswell from a gutter, and carrying him safe to the 'convenient dwelling' in which he had once had the honour to lodge Johnson. Next day Boswell, informed of his obligations, stopped Francis in the street to thank him—a little conversation gave a favourable impression of the young Samaritan as a lover of his book, and the close was 'Go on :—you may come to be a Bozzy yourself.' One other juvenile glimpse of a great man is recorded. Jeffrey, when about sixteen or seventeen, was struck by the stalwart appearance of a passing stranger, and stopped to take a better look of him. A shop-keeper, standing at his door near the Cross, said 'Ay, look weel, laddie, that's Robert Burns.' We recall the 'startled burghers' when Dandie Dinmont first strode along that same street in search of Pleydell's hostelrie. Even Scott does not seem to have surpassed Jeffrey in affection for their 'own romantic town.' It is not only that he enjoyed enthusiastically, early and late, the general scenery—he evidently had a genuine love for the humblest locality associated with historical tradition. Even near the close of his life his letters mention long solitary walks, not merely about Arthur's Seat with all its unsurpassed variety of aspects landward and seaward, but up and down among the dingiest and most deserted alleys of the old capital itself. All this is very pleasing—by us, we own, it was not expected.

He was never the *dur* of the High School—but his written exercises attracted the Rector's observation. Dr. Adams was a liberal—almost a republican ; and possibly the depute-clerk ascribed something of Master Frank's political heresy to such an instructor. From whatever motive, at the close of the school-period